

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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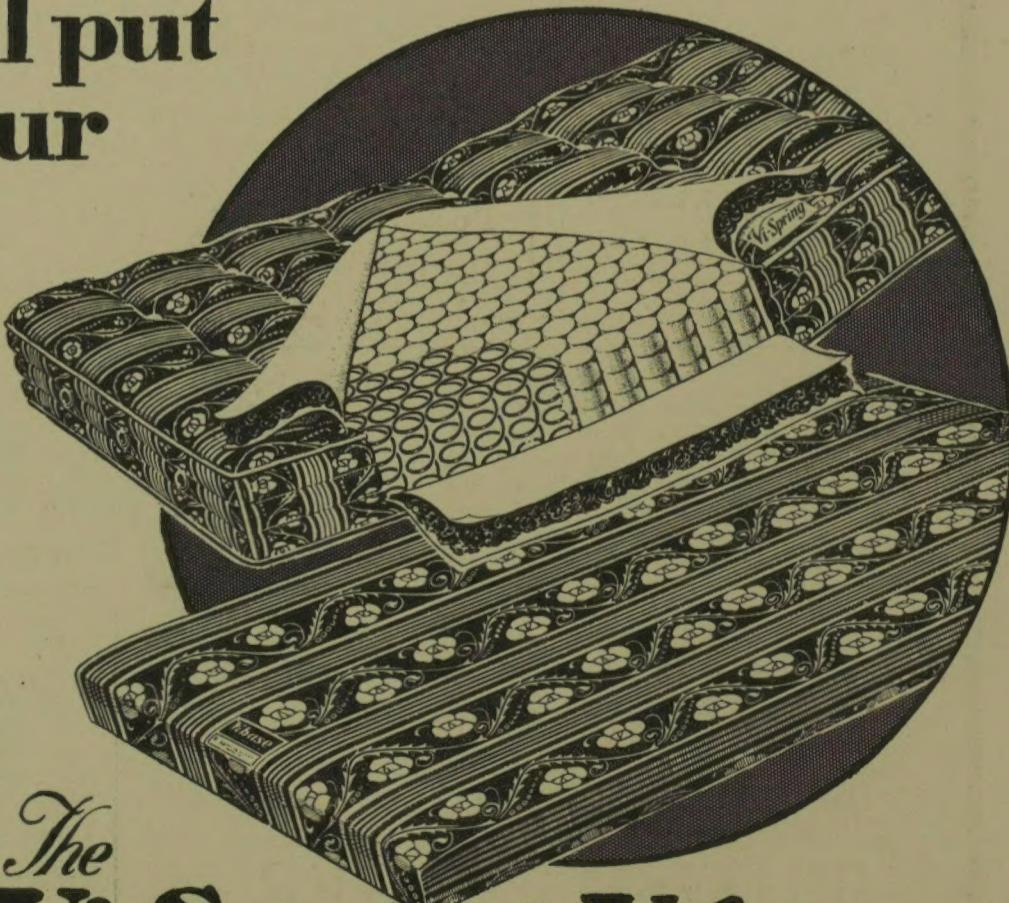
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1933.



THE ARTISTRY OF THE SCIAGRAPHER: SEA-HORSES AND SEAWEED BY X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Mr. E. C. Le Grice thus describes this fine specimen of sciagraphy—photography by Röntgen (X) Rays: "The sea-horses were of three kinds. Some were freshly dead; some were partially dried; others were quite dried and varnished. The differences between the three are obvious. The freshly dead ones show all the internal organs, even the swimming-bladders. In order to see if it were possible

to produce a picture which was both artistic and interesting, two kinds of seaweeds were used in association with the fish. The weed on the left is the common *Fucus serratus*, and the serrated edge is plainly seen, as well as the great mid-rib. The other weed is the common bladder-wrack, and the thick bladders cast a strong shadow." Another sciagraph is reproduced on page 235.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A VERY shrewd and forcible little book called "Town To Country," by Mr. G. C. Heseltine, happens to lie before me and to form an excellent text for that particular sort of truth that is most needed at the moment. It was published not long ago by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, and it carries the highly practical and opportune sub-title of "A Guide for Townsmen who Seek a Living on the Land." It also carries the playful motto, "The time has come, the Walrus said." Probably the author had in mind some of the implications of the great imaginative lyric from which he quotes. It will be remembered that the two great Victorian monsters, in that poem, being afflicted with a nineteenth-century sentimentalism, and apparently with a nineteenth-century helplessness, "wept like anything to see such quantities of sand." That is the grand old romantic emotion with which Byron and Alfred de Musset did really regard the infinite sands of the desert. But it may not unfairly be said that there was nothing very fruitful, either in the sands of the desert or in the sentiment of the poets. I do not underrate the value of their vision, from an imaginative point of view, but it did turn the minds of nineteenth-century men (or at least of nineteenth-century poets) too exclusively in the direction of deserts.

The great romantics said many sad and splendid and profound things about the sands that run through the glass of time, or spread themselves before the path of pilgrims; they gave many great landscapes in a flash or the stroke of a brush, like that of Swinburne, "In a land of sand and ruin and gold." Unfortunately, at this moment, we have gone off the gold, we find an inadequate substitute in the sand, and we are uncomfortably near to the ruin.

In a word, what was recently called "the love of nature" had become, for the moderns, very much too exclusively the love of nature sterile; of nature standing still; in short, the very opposite of the mediæval mystical truth of *Natura Naturans*. The romantic poets were real poets. We do not mean to sneer at them, when we say that they were persons of peculiar sensibility. But it is profoundly true that they were often content to gaze across a desert; and "weep like anything to see such quantities of sand." Now, there was in old times, and there ought to be in all times, a perfectly natural and spontaneous and spirited reply to this. There ought to be, at any given moment, a large number of poets and philosophers "who laughed like anything to see such quantities of land." There ought to be a normal exaltation at the hospitality and opportunity of the earth; there has been in almost all other ages and societies such a joy expressed in a hundred poetical forms, from ale-house songs about waggoning and harvesting to long didactic poems about milking cows or keeping bees. The peculiar trouble of these times, as distinct from almost all other times, is that the mere sight of these agricultural opportunities does not lift the heart; and men do not laugh like anything to see such quantities of land. There was a time when they

could excuse themselves, by saying that there was not enough land to see. But so much of England has now simply gone out of cultivation that it might almost as well be a new country as one of the oldest countries, with one of the oldest cultures, in the great Roman scheme of the West. It is not now the new countries, but rather the old countries, that cry out for the plough.

In fact, the present condition of our fields is such that a man might very well imitate the Walrus, and weep to see such quantities of land; of land about as barren as sand. And if we ask what is the cause of this strange and startling desolation in the most highly civilised States of the modern world, we shall of course find ourselves entangled in any number of political quarrels, which are often little better than the quarrels of politicians. But, behind all this, there remains the real historical fact; that the culture of the country has been artificially changed; and not for the better. I shall probably be misunderstood if I say that the culture was agriculture. It will be supposed to

is another allegory in that old nonsense poem of our nursery about the incongruous creatures who wept to see a quantity of sand. The Victorians, caring only for their vision of nonsense, really thought only of the Walrus. They managed to forget the Carpenter.

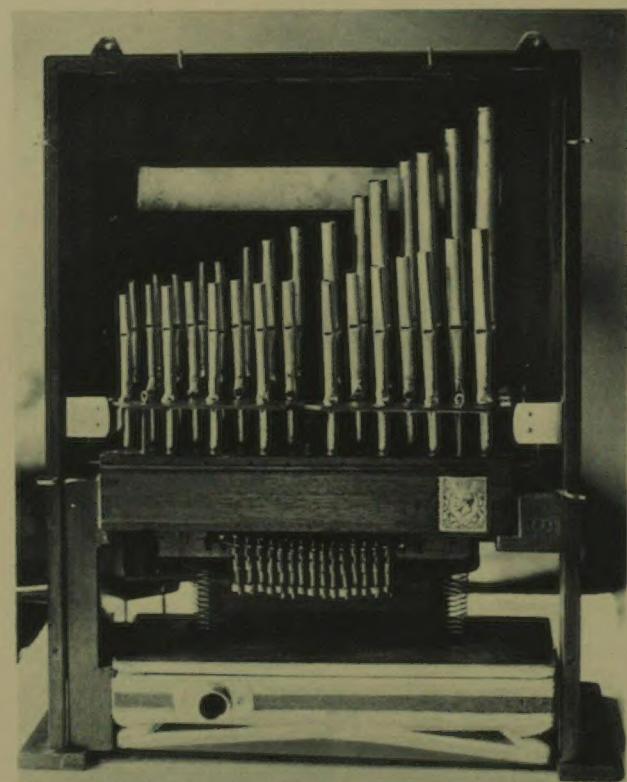
That is the basic tragedy of our time, which can only be cured by a return to practical crafts like carpentry and thatching and ploughing and getting a living on the land. But I took a text from Mr. Heseltine's excellent little pamphlet, because he addresses himself directly to the question of how so difficult a thing may be done. Indeed, his own title of "Town To Country" really expresses the whole difficulty, as it confronts many people even in the country, and practically all people in the town. I will not attempt here to deal with the details of his very sensible advice; I will only mention one general doubt or difficulty, which I believe to have a huge effect on human hopes in this department.

To put it shortly, the objection almost always raised is, "How can the sort of people brought up in the town ever grow accustomed to the country?" Nobody seems to ask the very simple historical question, "How did the sort of people brought up in the country ever grow accustomed to the town?" If human nature has been hopelessly changed and fixed by less than a hundred years of industrial life, why was it not already hopelessly fixed by hundreds and thousands of years of rural life? If it only took one or two generations to lift a man from the low and degraded estate of an honest ploughman into the lofty and superior estate of a shoddy stockbroker, why is it psychologically impossible for the son of the shoddy stockbroker to have the sense to see that it would be better fun to be an honest ploughman—especially when there is obviously no more money in stockbroking? Why, to put it with a pathetic simplicity, if men came up to the town in millions to find more money, should they not have enough of the light of reason to leave the town, when it has no more money? I cannot see on what possible theory of human nature the onesocial transformation is any more impossible than the other. I know all about the minor arguments about the urban amusements, and Mr. Heseltine deals very soundly with that rather ominous parallel, not to say portent, of the necessity of bread and circuses. But I do not profess to deal here with any such special debates; I merely point out the elementary fact that the rush to the towns was presumably impelled by some sort of human hunger; and it is a human hunger



THE EXQUISITE LITTLE ORGAN OF TITANIA'S PALACE, A FOOT-HIGH INSTRUMENT THAT IS PLAYED WITH A MATCH-STICK: ITS CHARMING FRONT—WITH A POSTAGE-STAMP ON THE MUSIC-REST TO INDICATE SIZE.

signify that the most cultured people were clowns and bumpkins. But it was not so. Whatever were the faults of the aristocratic England of the last three centuries, it was agricultural, even when it was aristocratic. The gentleman read the *Georgics* of Virgil, while the yokel carried them out. It was an unfair division of the fruits of the earth; but both the gentleman and the yokel were interested in the fruits of the earth. And there did in fact grow up, even under a rule of squires, which I shall always think more ignoble than a commonwealth of peasants, a perfectly real and practical art and science of the earth. The crafts of the countryside were practised by the common country people. They were arts as well as crafts. They were arts by this acid and actual test of all arts; that some men could do them very well, and some men could not. Things like thatching or broadcast sowing were arts by which a man won local fame; as he might win it by weaving carpets or carving statuettes. In a word, the Craftsman was forgotten, in the country as well as the town. There



TITANIA'S TINY ORGAN: A BACK VIEW; AGAIN WITH A POSTAGE-STAMP TO INDICATE SIZE.

In our issue of July 22, we gave a photograph of the miniature organ made for Titania's Palace, the famous little building designed and decorated by Sir Nevile Wilkinson. We here add the above photographs, particularly that the charm of the case may be appreciated. Sir Nevile is taking the organ to Exeter this month, where it will be on exhibition in aid of the funds of the Devonian Cripples Aid Society. It cost £100; took nine months to build; and has one manual, five stops, thirty pipes, and a pump.

can no longer feed. As a simple fact, there is only one way in which human hunger can ever be fed. Even in the triumph of towns and trade, it consisted only of securing in towns the tokens by which it was possible to live on the country. But nobody ever did live, or ever will live, on anything except the country. It seems tenable that we shall now find it better to do so in a straight rather than a crooked manner.

THE ARTISTRY OF THE SCIAGRAPHER: "GHOSTS" OF ROSES—AND "WORMS."

RÖNTGEN RAY PHOTOGRAPH BY E. C. LE GRICE. (SEE FRONT PAGE.)



REVELATIONS BY THE X-RAYS: ROSES AND ROSEBUDS SCIAGRAPHED—WITH GREEN-FLY AND GRUBS IN CONCEALMENT;
FEEDING ON THE DAMASK CHEEK!

We illustrate here and on our front page two of the results of some interesting experiments carried out by Mr. E. C. Le Grice, of Norwich, to test the effects of the X-rays upon a number of different objects. He endeavoured to produce pictures which were both photographically beautiful and scientifically interesting. All kinds of objects were used, as opportunity occurred—flowers, shells, seaweeds, sea-horses, fish, plants, and so on. Very few flowers give good results, as the rays pass through them as completely as light passes through glass. The roses gave the best pictorial effects. The sciagraph shows the petals beautifully folded

over each other; and each separate petal can be detected. It is curious to notice the number of small insects (probably green-fly, and even a small caterpillar grub) hidden under the petals, and suggesting Shakespeare's "But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek." The flowers were thoroughly washed and dried before being used and, as far as possible, every insect was removed. Yet, notwithstanding all the trouble taken, many were overlooked and remained—but they could not escape revelation in the sciagraph and their shadow-pictures were impressed upon the sensitive plate.

WOMEN'S WORK IN HOUSING—AND OCTAVIA HILL.

By B. S. TOWNROE, M.A., J.P.

The Report of the Departmental Committee on Housing, presided over by Lord Moyné, was issued on August 2. Although it does not touch directly on problems of slum clearance, which were, in fact, excluded from the Committee's terms of reference, it has a bearing on this article on the slums, since it recommends the Octavia Hill system, which is discussed here. The principal feature of the Octavia Hill system is close personal contact between the housing manager and the tenant.

Women Architects.

On the material aspects of housing—the design of new dwellings; the size, shape, and number of rooms;

the arrangement of cooking apparatus, larders, and such fittings as are used daily by the housewife; and the pro-

Hendon, Kensington, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Norwich, Rotherham, St. Pancras, Tunbridge Wells, West Bromwich, and Westminster, as well as the London County Council, which employs two women superintendents.

It must not be assumed that in every case an inexperienced woman, however many examinations she may have passed, is a better manager than a trained man. Indeed,

some property owners refuse to engage women as rent-collectors, as they think that this work is more economically carried out by men. They prefer to use women to organise the social services attached to their housing schemes, but insist that their tenants should pay their rents to a central office. This saves money, as it avoids door-to-door collection of rents. On the other hand, the advocates of the Octavia Hill system consider that the rent-collector should be a woman, and should call weekly, because the housekeeper in a home is usually a woman, because the woman usually pays the rent, and because housekeeping and repairs are closely connected.

Management as a Career.

In Holland, where the Dutch have studied the housing problem thoroughly and scientifically, women managers are more thoroughly trained than they are in this country. The University of Amsterdam, for example, has a special school for social work. After two years there students can specialise and gain practical experience at the Hague Municipal Housing Department, where there are Special Shelters for the Homeless, and Colonies for Undesirables controlled by women managers. In this country management as a new career for women is developing slowly. If there were only more farsighted landlords like the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or Lord Salisbury, women

management, possibly in a slightly altered form to meet new conditions, would be more general. Lord Salisbury, for example, has placed his working-class property in Liverpool under the management of local ladies, for he thinks that the human problems to be found in any slum house can best be solved by an understanding woman. A proper training, as well as enthusiasm and tact, is, of course, essential, for slums are breeding grounds for many social evils, and these for their treatment require skill, patience, and knowledge. The University of London grants a degree in Estate Management, and training can now be obtained at the Household Science Department at King's College, the London School of Economics, the College of Estate Management, and elsewhere. A manager must not only understand the ways and outlook of poor tenants, but also repairs, bookkeeping, public health laws, and property administration.

Women Housing Reformers.

At the present time, in almost every industrial centre women of distinction and influence may be found taking a lead in housing reform. Although, of course, there are the ignorant and merely sentimental, I have been much impressed in my own personal experience with the intimate personal knowledge possessed by those women who are the leaders in their own districts. Space will not allow of a description of the work

of all, and only a few typical examples can be taken. There is, for instance, the Duchess of Atholl. When she is not occupied with her Parliamentary duties in London, she spends part of her time at Eastwood House, Dunkeld. In this picturesque little town, close ruined Cathedral, are several stone houses built over 200 years ago. The Duchess, at her personal cost, and with the utmost personal care, set to work to make these houses thoroughly sanitary and habitable. It is understood that she devoted to this purpose the salary which she received when she was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education.

Another practical worker in the cause of housing is the Countess of Radnor, whose husband is Chairman of the Council of the Prince of Wales, and, in that capacity, has taken a considerable part in the re-housing scheme on the estate of the Duchy of Cornwall in Kennington. Lady Radnor has acted as a visitor week by week to some of the poorest homes in Salisbury, which are being looked after by the local housing society, of which she is President. Lady Cynthia Colville, the daughter of Lord Crewe, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, is another practical housing reformer who has first-hand knowledge of the problem. For a number of years past she has worked in the Borough of Shoreditch, where over 97,000 people are crowded within one square mile.

Miss Lilian Faithfull, who was formerly Principal of Cheltenham College, is now President of the Under Forty Club, which has done so much to stimulate interest, particularly in London. Lady Pentland, the daughter of the Marquess of Aberdeen, is one of the leaders of the "New Homes for Old" movement, which is organising exhibitions in various English cities. Lady (Ernest) Simon is one of Manchester's leading housing reformers. Mrs. D. T. Stevenson, in Cambridge, is an outstanding example of a woman who combines service on a housing committee or local authority with the chairmanship of a voluntary housing society. Dame Beatrix Lyall and Miss Ishbel MacDonald, both members of the London County Council, illustrate the fact that enthusiasm for housing reform is not the perquisite of any political party. Lady Astor, who took a leading part in the creation of the Astor Housing Trust at Plymouth, is another of our housing reformers who has not shirked learning at first-hand the fundamental difficulties of dealing with our slums.

The above list is incomplete, but it may serve as some indication of the variety of women who are playing a prominent part to-day in organising the coming five years' campaign against the evil of bad housing in our midst.



THE INTEREST TAKEN IN HOUSING REFORM BY THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER: MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD (LEFT), AND PREBENDARY CARLILE, TALKING WITH ONE OF THE TENANTS OF THE CHURCH ARMY COTTAGES SHE OPENED AT EDMONTON.

vision of baths, women have not played as full a part as was expected twelve years ago. At that time, Dr. Addison set up a Women's Advisory Committee, who made a number of valuable recommendations. There were then many girl students training in the various architectural schools. But few of these have made any particular mark on the architecture of small cottages and working-class tenements. A number of women architects have, of course, achieved success in other spheres. There are Miss Elizabeth Scott, the architect of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon; Mrs. Doris Robertson, who won the Alfred Bossom Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects; Miss Murray, in Hull; Miss Marjorie Miles, in Westmorland; and other Associates of the R.I.B.A. But none of these is particularly identified with housing.

Women managers have, however, come particularly to the front in connection with the handling of small houses, for they are usually concerned more with homes and home-making than with property. There has been a marked increase, not only in Great Britain, but also abroad, in the disciples of the principles laid down as long ago as 1864 by the late Miss Octavia Hill. With the help of John Ruskin, she bought three leasehold houses in London, all in a dreadful state of dirt and neglect, and proved how much could be done, by sympathetic but firm management, to help the tenants to reach a higher standard of contentment and behaviour. She wrote in 1866: "A greater power is in the hands of landlords and landladies than of school-teachers—power either of life or death, physical and spiritual."

Her work, over sixty years later, is carried on by the Society of Women Housing Estate Managers in this country, who are showing that it is possible to manage property on a sound business basis, to make it pay, and to protect the interests of the tenants and the owner. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners adopted this system thirty years ago, when they reconstructed an area of twenty-two acres in Walworth. Arrears of rent on this estate are virtually non-existent, and the tenants take a very keen pride in their dwellings. Women managers have been more severely tried on the Cumberland Market Estate, which belongs to the Commissioners of Crown Lands. Since 1916, old property, mainly consisting of houses occupied by several families, has been under the management of Miss M. M. Jeffery, who was actually trained by Miss Octavia Hill. In face of grim difficulties, owing to the overcrowding, the number of dirty and verminous rooms, and rough and destructive tenants, Miss Jeffery and her staff have improved the property to a wonderful extent. To-day the area is being reconstructed, but that which has already been done provides ample evidence that the Crown has set an example to the nation as to the value of the work that can be done by trained women.

Where Women are at Work.

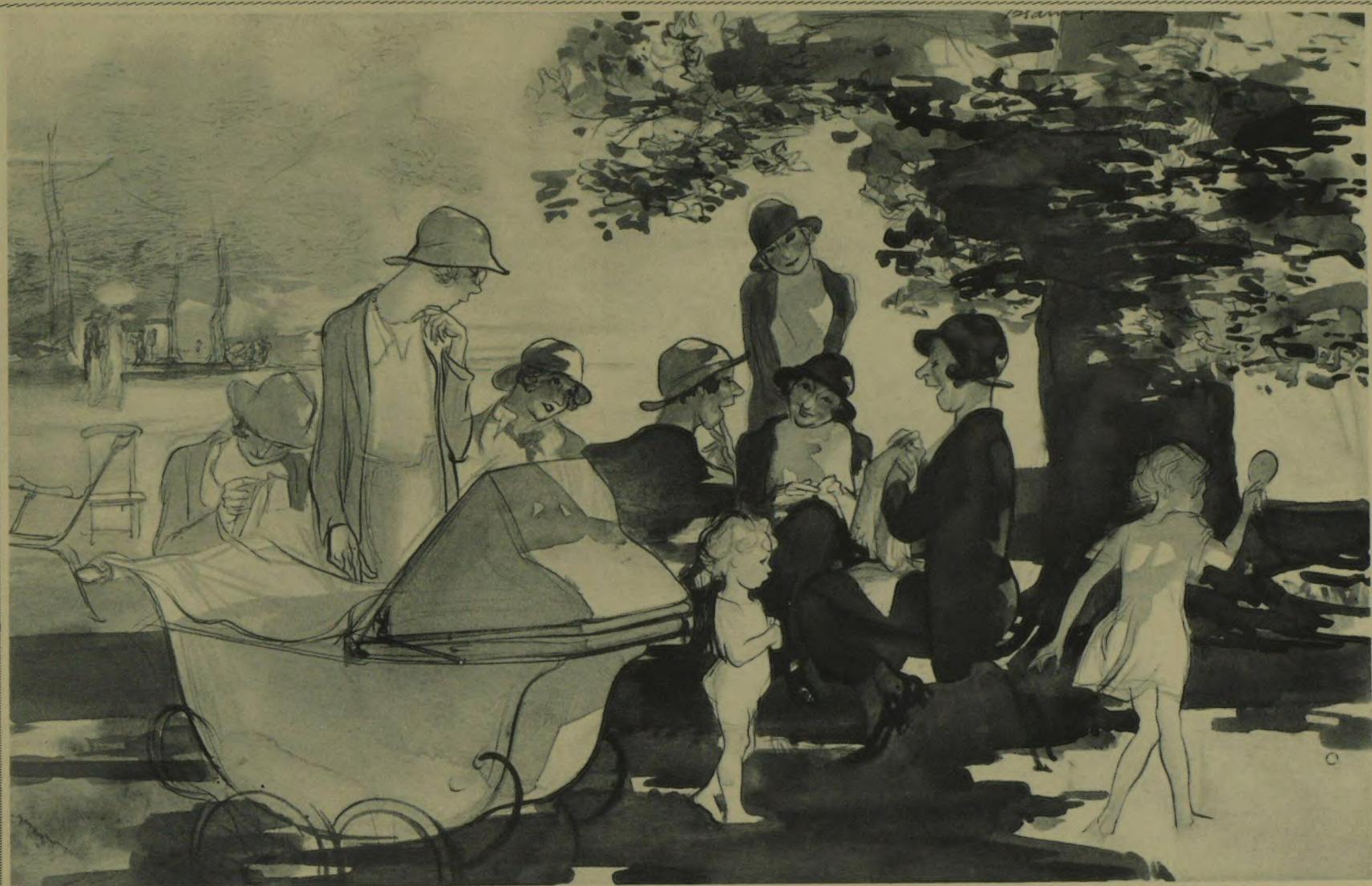
The central organisation of Octavia Hill workers wisely promotes and maintains an approved standard of training, and the members have passed the professional examinations either of the Surveyors' Institution or of the Royal Sanitary Institute. The following municipalities now employ members of the Society to help in the management of their housing estates: Bebington, Bolton, Cambridge, Cheltenham, Chester, Chesterfield, Chelsea, Hastings,



OCTAVIA HILL — FROM THE PAINTING BY SARGENT IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. Miss Octavia Hill (1838–1912), a pioneer of housing reform, was one of the first to show what could be done by women in that sphere. She purchased leases of houses in poor quarters, let them out in sets of two rooms, and herself collected the rents. The system called after her was recommended in the Housing Report.—[By Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.]

LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY EDMUND BLAMPIED, R.E.



"NANNIES IN CONFAB."



"'LITTLE RESPONSIBILITIES' IN AN ADOPTION HOME."

We here continue the new series of studies of English life, by Blampied, begun in our last issue. The younger generation are seen being tended by their nurses. The little sons and daughters of well-to-do parents spend mornings and afternoons

enjoying themselves in the park, while their nannies exchange the gossip of their various households. Less fortunate infants find themselves in an adoption home—where a fatherly institution does its best to give them a start in life.



THE UNENDING ODYSSEY OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS.
A "DOCUMENTARY FILM" CONTRASTING ANCIENT SPLENDOURS,

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF
BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS.



AN IMPRESSIVE "SHOT" OF THE DEPARTURE OF AN AIR-LINER FROM CROYDON.

AIRWAYS PERPETUATED IN "CONTACT":
IMMEMORIAL CUSTOMS, AND THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE PRESENT.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF
BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS.



AN IMPRESSION OF A HUGE AIR-LINER GETTING UNDER WAY AT CROYDON.



A HOMELY OCCASION—HANGING OUT CLOTHES AT TIBERIAS (NORTHERN PALESTINE) ON THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS ROUTE.



NATIVES CLEANING AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MACHINE AT KARACHI AIR-PORT.



THE HEAD OF A KIKUYU NATIVE GIRL—FILMED IN KENYA.



AN EFFECTIVE "CLOSE-UP" OF TWO NATIVES OF ASWAN, IN EGYPT.



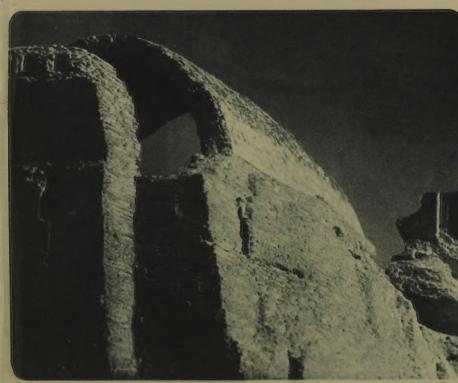
NATIVES REFUELLED AN AIR-LINER ON THE INDIAN ROUTE, AT GWADAR.



FISHERMEN HAULING IN THEIR NETS ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.



MINARET AND MOSQUE AT TIBERIAS, ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.



THE GREAT ARCH OF CTESIPHON, A HUGE RELIC OF THE SASSANIAN PERIOD, NEAR BAGHDAD.



LIGHT AND SHADOWS AT THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

Those pessimists who maintain that the British Empire does not enjoy all the world-wide prestige its ships often succeed in detracting that it suffers considerably from lack of popularity, when the English tireless efforts of business, flag-waving, are too frequently content to remain in abysmal ignorance of the great organisation of which they are members; unconscious of the simple grandeur its working manifests, and the achievements that mark its progress. Now, a new means has been found of setting forth to the British people and to the world, a most impressive aspect of the Imperial "idea"—in a style wholly dignified and austere. The medium is the cinematograph film—most

fittingly modern. The story of "Contact" is that of the great Imperial Airways, an achievement of man's ingenuity. From Paris to India, and through Africa to Cape Town. After an impression of the elaborate process of building a modern air-liner (one of the four-engined "Atalanta" type, specially designed for tropical flying), there is a survey of the vast ground organisation at the air-ports which have been constructed throughout the Empire, so that air-liners may be refuelled and overhauled. The film depicts oceans, deserts, swamps, and mountains—all the barriers which for centuries impeded travel and have been overcome by the conquest

of the air. The great monuments of ancient civilisations—Greece, Egypt, Babylon, Ctesiphon—reconnoitred the primary achievements of mankind, past far and away all preceding man's efforts. Ctesiphon also: and, from thence northwards, passing the gold-mines of the world, the steaming steam-boats of the tidal banks of tropical rivers, and sets scampering herds of game on the famous Athle plains. Mr. Paul Rotha flew the whole length of the two great Empire routes to obtain the remarkable material contained in his film. Turning to the technical side of the achievement, it will easily be understood that "documentary films" of which "Contact" is one, present

peculiar difficulties. Under studio conditions, a scene may be "shot" again and again until it is right. Not so documentary film. The camera cannot stand or wait; exposure is wrong, the director may have to wait a considerable time before he gets another chance to photograph the same scene; and sometimes he may get no second chance. Finally, we may note that "Contact" (which was made by British Instructional Films, with the co-operation of Imperial Airways) was on the programme of the performance of British films recently given to the World Economic Conference Delegates, and had its trade show on August 2.

THE STUNTSMAN.

**BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"NINE LIVES": By JOHN TRANUM.***

(PUBLISHED BY HAMILTON.)

THREE minutes before I began to write this appreciation, I happened upon the statement that Wingy Wyndham, confident in the ownership of an old-socks mascot, had determined to beat the record set up at Netheravon last May by John Tranum when, breathing with the aid of oxygen-apparatus, and timing himself with a stop-watch strapped to the palm of his left hand, he dived from the wing of an aeroplane flying at a height of 21,000 feet, and did not pull the rip-cord that opened



"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER": MR. TRANUM HANGING HEAD-DOWNWARDS FROM THE WING OF AN AEROPLANE TRAVELLING AT SPEED.

It will be noted that he hangs from foot-straps—after having deliberately fallen off the lower wing. In this connection, he tells in his book (see the article on this page) how he was able to stand on the top wing of an aeroplane while the machine was looping-the-loop: in that stunt he was also aided by foot-straps and by wire "reins."

his R.A.F. pattern parachute until he had fallen like a stone for 17,250 feet; an act of daring duly pictured in *The Illustrated London News*. Naturally, I was interested; for, in "Nine Lives," I had just remarked Mr. Tranum's own views of the delayed drop. "The sensations felt while falling are very few," he records. "When the parachutist dives away from the plane he turns a few somersaults in mid-air, which become slower and slower the further he falls. He eventually falls head-downwards, perpendicularly or on a slant, according to the shape of his body, and all he is sensible of is the air rushing past his ears and the swelling up of the ground beneath him. After he has dropped about 900 feet he reaches his maximum speed of 119'6 m.p.h., and continues at this speed, and no faster, until his delayed drop is over. The maximum dropping speed was first figured out by the U.S. Army Air Corps. . . . Thus the old theory that a man lost consciousness on continued falling was shattered. If a man can travel at 200 m.p.h. horizontally in a racing car, he can certainly travel 119'6 m.p.h. with nothing affecting him but the natural forces of gravitation. That is why I say that there can be no limit to the delayed-drop record; as high as the machine can climb the man can fall. . . . A man could fall for ever if there wasn't the certainty of his starving on the way." And that is that. Mr. Tranum, the stuntsman inured to satisfying the hankering of employers willing to pay hard cash for others to run risks, realised his personal ambition on the occasion in question, and does not crave to go one better.

And yet—if Wyndham succeeds—I wonder! Mr. Tranum has never let himself be outdone if he could help it. His philosophy is: "Nobody dies before Fate has fixed the time, not even me." His confession is: "I always bite"; which means that it is his habit to accept chances and challenges. His attitude to "Suicide Clubism" is best explained by a quotation from his spell-binding book. "The report came through that a young man of ideas had attempted a night descent, lighting his way through the pitchy darkness with huge magnesium flares. This stunt appealed to me immensely; for one thing, its very fieriness promised a thrilling spectacle, and, for another, the publicity gained by the stunt would be considerable, owing to the fact that the Easterner, when making his attempt, had been consumed by the flames and burnt to death." Mr. Tranum went up during Long Beach's first night Air Circus, jumped, lit the flares in his hands as the static line jerked open his parachute, gazed into white-hot, malignant, searing, blinding light, grilling his fingers, and let go his burning burden—to land, without further tribulations. When first he repeated his escapade, he saw to it that his clothes and his parachute had been sprayed with fire-extinguishing mixture, that the flares were fixed to lengths of broom-handle, that he wore asbestos gloves and welder's goggles—and the fuses failed him, so that he finished in a duck-pond that was far from the innocent pools beloved of artists, after having narrowly escaped being hit by the aeroplane that was being brought down in the blackness. "Since then," he notes, with his

accustomed, casual calm, "I have several times performed the stunt without injury or undue discomfort."

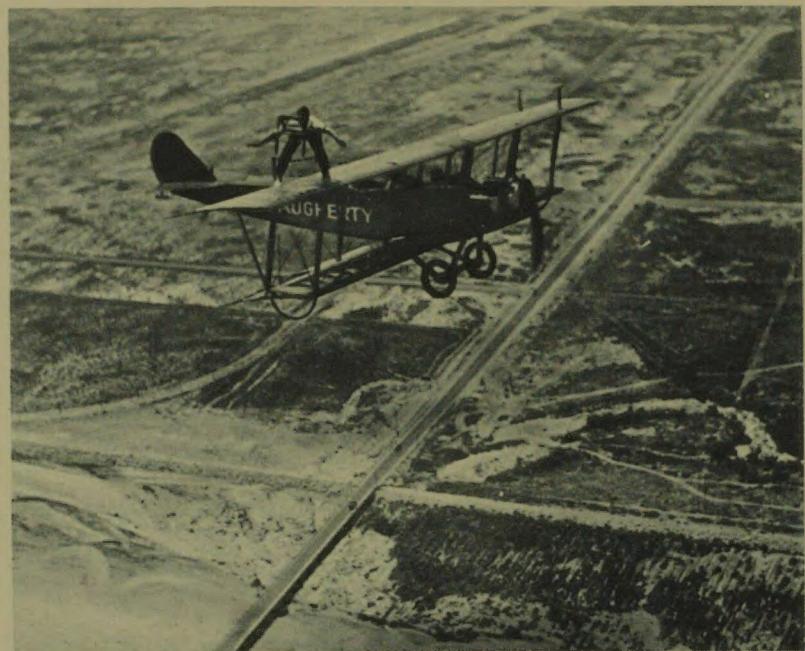
Mishaps have ever been in his day's work. "The crowd had an extra thrill, so why worry?" He is still thinking of hair-raising tricks. "Another stunt that I have planned to try one day is to turn myself into an aerial torpedo. Enclosed in a huge dummy bomb, I plan to be dropped from an aeroplane. After journeying earthwards inside the bomb, I have arranged to release myself by means of a lever and land by parachute." In truth, that will be a novel addition to the long list of freakish triumphs of the past; and the list is exceeding long.

Working as a lone hand, particularly when Lindbergh turned America air crazy; "barnstorming" in connection with rodeos and fairs; playing the aerobat with Air Circuses; leaping into space to demonstrate makes of parachutes for which he was canvassing; "doubling" not too air-minded actors in film dramas, he would seem to have exhausted the possibilities; but it would be safe to wager that he has not.

He has walked miles on the wings of aeroplanes in flight; wing while playing tennis on a cutting through the air; climbed by rope ladder from motor-car to moving plane; changed from speeding plane to speeding plane; jumped from a plane on to a motor racing-boat, slipping off its deck when he wore rubber soles, but holding to it well enough when he had spiked his shoes with half-inch nails. He has "mixed" his methods of parachuting in the most ingenious,

most intrepid, manner; and he has stood on the wing of an aeroplane as it looped-the-loop! Concerning this, he is revelatory: "The most spectacular stunt of the lot . . . was what we termed the wing-standing loop. This meant that I stood on the top wing, over the nose of the plane, set myself, and kept quiet while the machine performed a perfect loop. This stunt is made possible by centrifugal force, which keeps the man stuck to the plane while it is upside down, in the same way as it will keep water in a bucket when whirled around in a circle. This feat depends a great deal on the pilot, who has to see that the plane makes a good smooth loop; but it also depends a little on two things which are not seen by the people below. One is a pair of foot-straps, and the other is a pair of reins. The straps were fastened to the wing, like trunk-handles, into which I inserted my toes. The reins came up to my hands from the fuselage; one from the back of the wing and the other from the nose. . . . Of course, little gadgets like these are not used in tests, or work of a serious nature; this was only clowning."

The reader is now related to the conjurer's clientele:



A STUNT OF THE DAYS DURING WHICH MR. TRANUM WAS "BARNSTORMING" AND ENTERTAINING THE CROWDS AT RODEOS AND FAIRS: A "SUICIDE CLUB" MEMBER WING-WALKING WHILE HOLDING A CHAIR IN HIS TEETH. This feat was performed by Mr. Ray Crawford. Mr. Tranum tried it; but he writes: "My teeth were never meant for tricks of that description."

he knows how it's done; but he would be embarrassed if he had to do it!

That being so, he will welcome Mr. Tranum on flying for the films, including "Hell's Angels"—"a few weeks of real good fun." That "fans" might gasp, he has set a Nieuport on fire in mid-air and escaped from it by parachute—fee: two hundred dollars; deliberately cracked up a plane by swooping down on to telegraph-wire; purposely crashed on landing (wearing a baseball suit as shock-absorber); collided with a plane high above ground; has been an actor in "dog-fights"; and has doled out parachutes from his cockpit to passengers adrift in a doomed balloon. That and much more. "A jolly little stunt," he remembers, "was to fly the machine into the side of a house. The houses used for this purpose were of a jerry-built type, with the bricks held together by wallpaper, and the whole edifice kept up more by faith than anything. The point in this game was to aim for the window, so that the engine and cockpit finished up safely indoors, and only the tail and wings were left in the cold. The plane was brought down with the engine off and the propeller heading straight for the glass. When the window was broken, the walls tore off the wings of the plane, and the forepart of the fuselage continued into the house. If the pilot hit the window he was fairly safe, but air currents as well as errors in judgment were liable to hurl him against the solid wall, in which case the fellow was given as nice a funeral as possible."

And theatrical enough—but not for the screen—were certain "Grockings" to leaven the grippings. In Scotland, for example, when he was with Captain Barnard, he played an escaped mental-home "case," and was carried aloft clinging to the bars of a plane's undercarriage, then perching on a revolving wheel, his bowler blown over his ears, his umbrella turned inside out, at first to the onlookers' consternation, then to their amusement; while at Hanworth "the word was sent out 'it is feared John Tranum will not be able to perform to-day, owing to the fact that he is attending the wedding of a brother airman.' Then . . . a plane stole away from the hangars and rose in the air. The next minute, John Tranum descended from the skies straight from the wedding, clad in a faultless morning coat, chimney hat, and carnation. It has often been said that marriages are made in heaven."

It has often been said also that a cat has nine lives. Ergo, John Tranum is a Marquess of Carabas; and his "Nine Lives" even Perrault could not have imagined: thousands of readers will testify to that. Which proves that true tales may be stranger than fairy-stories.—E. H. G.



READY FOR A STUNT YET TO BE PERFORMED: MR. JOHN TRANUM AND THE DUMMY BOMB FROM WHOSE INTERIOR HE PROPOSES TO PARACHUTE.

This stunt is described in Mr. Tranum's book in a passage quoted on this page.

Reproductions from Mr. John Tranum's "Nine Lives"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, John Hamilton, Ltd.



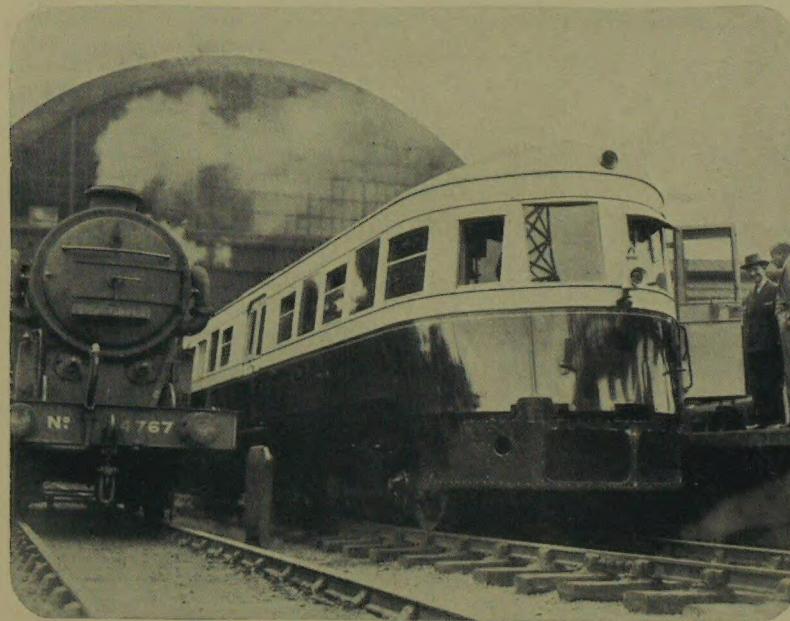
RUSKIN'S HOUSE ON CONISTON WATER TO BE PRESERVED FOR THE NATION :
BRANTWOOD, WHERE "FORS CLAVIGERA" WAS WRITTEN.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "Ruskin's old home, Brantwood, on Coniston Water, has been acquired by Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, Warden of Bembridge School, Isle of Wight, on behalf of the Education Trust and other interested persons. The house will be a museum of Ruskin's drawings, books, and manuscripts, a conference centre and a hostel, and will be under the control of an Advisory Council and a Board."



A "HAPPY EVENT" IN ST. JAMES'S PARK! A SOUTH AFRICAN CRANE WITH
THE EGG NOW BEING INCUBATED BESIDE THE LAKE.

Stimulated, perhaps, by an unusually long spell of hot weather, the graceful South African cranes in St. James's Park have been led to undertake the responsibilities of family life. At the moment of writing, one egg had been laid and was being incubated under the very windows of the Foreign Office, at the south-east corner of the lake and not ten yards from the railings of the public footway. While the hen is sitting, the cock may be seen parading to and fro, shooing off other birds and "keeping an eye" on the public!



A CONTRAST IN RAILWAY TRANSPORT: THE NEW DIESEL-ELECTRIC "RAIL-BUS"
BESIDE A STEAM-ENGINE OF TRADITIONAL BUILD.

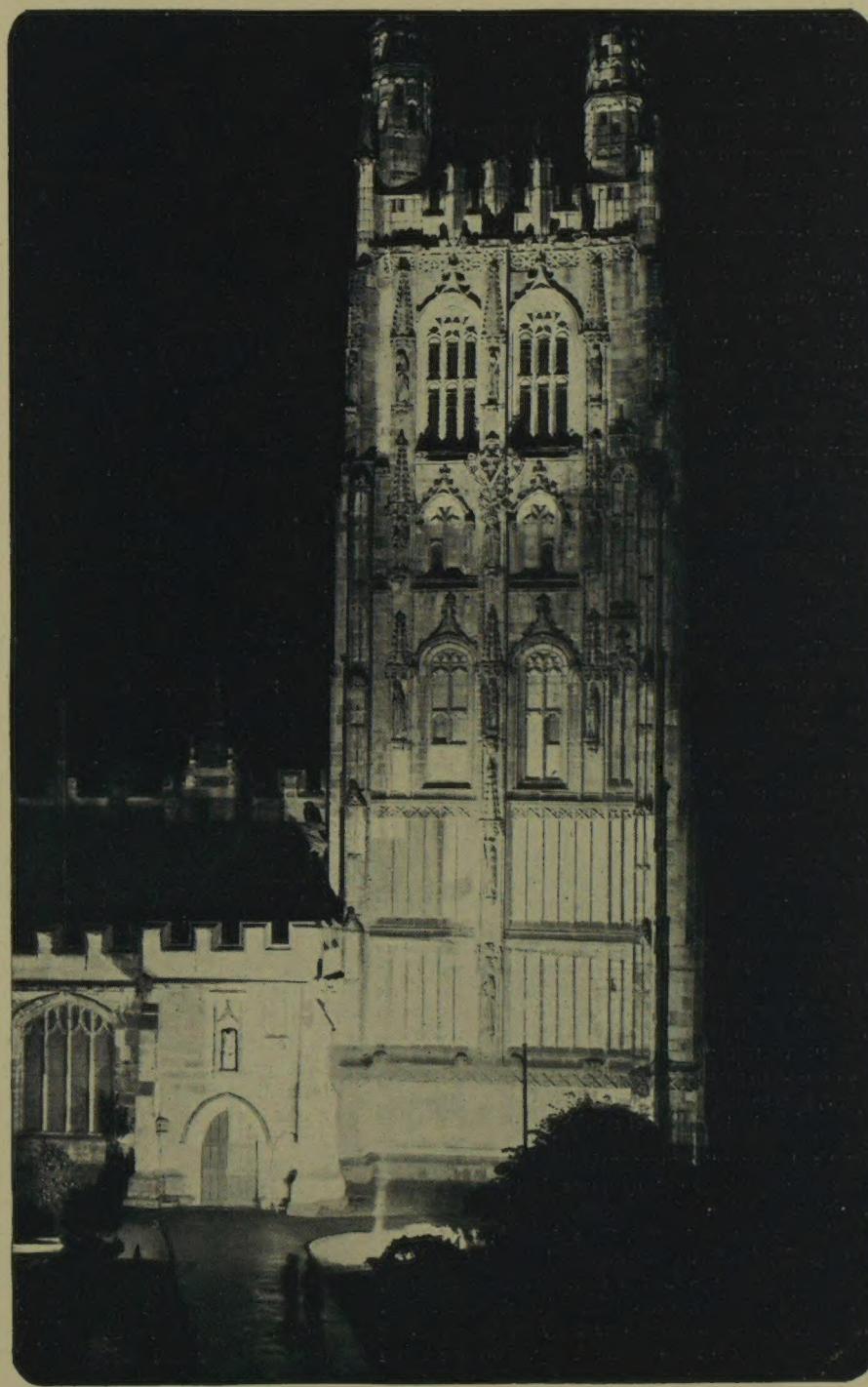
This new Diesel electric "rail-bus" was put on exhibition at King's Cross Station after its run from Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was built by Armstrong-Whitworth. It is the lightest self-propelled railway coach of its capacity ever built in this country. It is designed to provide frequent high-speed local services, frequent services on branch lines to market towns, and feeder services for main line connections.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



WHEAT FROM AN ANCIENT TOMB AT MOHENJO-DARO, IN INDIA: HEADS OF A PECULIAR TYPE WHICH SPRANG FROM A GRAIN POSSIBLY 5000 YEARS OLD.

According to the report published in the "Times," the S.P.G. School at Umedpur obtained an ear of wheat from a tomb unearthed in the excavations at Mohenjo-Daro (illustrated by us on frequent occasions), which they succeeded in reproducing. "The wheat is of a peculiar type," notes the "Times," "each head having small branches up to nine in number springing from it; and judging from the weight of grain produced in the plot grown at the school, it is unusually prolific. The practice of placing wheat in tombs for the nourishment of the deceased in the spirit world was well known in antiquity; and the ear of wheat from which the ears now illustrated were grown may have been buried for 5000 years."



WREXHAM TOWER FLOOD-LIT FOR THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD: "THE FROZEN MUSIC" OF BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE NIGHT.

This week, Wrexham has been the scene of the Royal Welsh Eisteddfod. The magnificent tower of the parish church at Wrexham was flood-lit for the occasion. This tower (called "one of the wonders of Wales") is 135 ft. high, and has its surface divided into elaborately carved panels; while from its base to its top are niches still occupied. The programme of the Eisteddfod this year was arranged to include a visit by the Poet Laureate and by Mr. Lloyd George.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE HARD CASE OF MAGILUS; A REMARKABLE CORAL-DWELLING MOLLUSC.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE recently been overhauling my small collection of shells, which I am trying to get together to illustrate the many evolutionary problems which they present. And I can sympathise with the enthusiasm of the older generation who formed great collections of these empty houses, for some of them are wondrous beauty, due sometimes to their shape, sometimes to their coloration, or both.

These old collectors rarely concerned themselves with the life-histories or anatomical peculiarities of the shell-makers, which was unfortunate, since herein we find clues to much that would otherwise be inexplicable. Some, however, did pay some attention to the "radula"—that strange ribbon of teeth, presenting the most astonishing differences in the different groups, or types of molluscs, and of great beauty when seen under the microscope. But I am concerned just now rather with the "black sheep" of the family which have become parasites, and others which have become "commensals"—the first step on the slippery slope leading to parasitism.

"Commensals," I should remark, are animals which foist themselves on others, generally larger and stronger, for the sake of the crumbs which fall from their table. The sea-anemone, *Adamsia*, fastens itself on to the shell of the hermit-crab. The crab does the hunting for food, and the anemone gets the scraps when the prey is torn to pieces. Now, in this case, it is not quite fair to describe the anemone as "foisting" itself on the crab. For it is really a welcome guest, so much so that, when it exchanges its old shell for a new one, it takes no small trouble to remove the anemone and place it on its new home. They each profit from this mode of housekeeping. For the anemone has a powerful battery of stinging-cells, which paralyse careless creatures which happen to touch it. The crab then breaks up the body of the victim, of which each gets a due share.

Here, again, the whale cannot dispossess such unwelcome "squatters." The larva of the fresh-water mussel (*Anodon*) makes a bad beginning on its entry into life. It would take but very little to convert it into a parasite. Thrown on the world by the mother, in thousands, and enclosed within a pair of

related to one of our own whelks (*Purpura*), it undergoes a strange transformation. The larval life and the early stages of the post-larval life are normal. The creature forms a shell very like, as I say, that of the dogwhelk. Living on a coral-reef, it seems to contemplate a life of ease; but it must prove something of a nightmare existence. For the coral begins to grow up round the shell. And, to avoid starvation, it has to be continually adding to and extending the aperture of the shell. So long as the coral continues to grow up towards the surface of the water, *Magilus* has to add a like amount to the now tubular shell in which it is living. In the course of this transformation, the snail's body has to vacate the original shell and live in the increasingly lengthening tube. But what is more curious, as it ascends the tube it fills up, first the original shell, then the unusable section of the tube, with calcium till it forms a solid column.

In Fig. 3, the original shell, enlarged, is seen, much eroded by the surrounding coral. Since the mouth has grown away from the downward direction it had originally, turning gradually upwards to keep pace with the coral, the shell is not clearly seen, but the tubular, embedded extension is well shown. What brought about this inconceivably strange sequence of events? Did the first *Magilus* respond to the dilemma it was faced with from the start, quite automatically. And what is the nature of their food—for they have lost all their teeth. Do they feed on the coral-polyps immediately within reach? In this case, then, they are no longer "commensals," guests, but parasites. Finally, is the calcium which fills the unoccupied portion of the shell secreted by the snail, or is it distilled by the infiltrating sea-water?

These questions are well-nigh impossible to solve. Even the most enthusiastic man of science could scarcely be expected to camp out on a coral reef and keep watch and ward, day and night, it might be for years, with note-book in hand? Did space permit, I should like to have said something also of *Rhizochilus*, a species closely related to *Magilus*, which lives on one of the "horn-corals," *Antipathes*, its shell becoming fused therewith, but after a very different fashion. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1) three shells are shown fused together, and to the branches of the coral. Why they should thus fuse has yet to be explained. But owing to the fact that the "horn-corals" form tree-like, branching growths, *Rhizochilus* escapes the fate of *Magilus*, where the coral-forming polyps are densely massed together.

Rhizochilus, however, and some similar cases, must be more fully described on another occasion.



1. A STRANGE CORAL-DWELLING MOLLUSC: THREE SHELLS OF RHIZOCHILUS, A NEAR RELATION OF MAGILUS, THAT HAVE BECOME FUSED TOGETHER, AND TO THE BRANCHES OF THE CORAL ANTIPATHES, WHICH HAS A TREE-LIKE STRUCTURE—IN CONTRAST TO THE SOLID CORAL FORMATION IN WHICH MAGILUS IS HOUSED.

shells, each armed with a sharp tooth, they make their way through the water by rapidly opening and closing the shell. But they are exposed to a frightful risk. If they are ever to grow up it is necessary that, within a minute, a shoal of roach or bream should come along. As many as can grip hold of the side of the fish with their toothed shells and hang on for dear life. Presently the wounded skin of the fish causes a swelling, and finally new skin grows around and completely covers the little gamin's body. Here, in security, it forms a new shell which, increasing in size, at last bursts its prison wall. It then sinks to the bottom and becomes a sedate pond-mussel. Only a small fraction of the fry let loose can possibly find the all-needful temporary host; the rest die forthwith.

There are an astonishing number of cases of animals which, so to speak, run grave risks by allowing themselves to be "built in." There are small crabs, for example, which live enclosed in stony cells embedded in coral-reefs. Settling down at the end of the larval life on the growing coral, they inhibit the growth of the immediate coral-polyps around them by the respiratory currents they set up. Those outside the range, continuing to grow, form a wall of stone around the squatter, so that at last he is a prisoner for life, dependent for food on what is brought through a small slit caused by the inhalent and exhalent currents.

This brings me back to my molluscs, and to the extraordinary case of *Magilus*. Closely



2. THE LONG TUBE WHICH MAGILUS BUILDS TO KEEP OPEN AN INGRESS FOR WATER THROUGH THE GROWING CORAL: THE ORIGINAL SHELL (A) OF THE SAME SPECIMEN AS THAT IN FIG. 3, AND THE TWISTED TUBE, HERE SEEN PARTLY CUT OUT OF THE CORAL IN WHICH THEY WERE EMBEDDED.

Only the upper end of this long tube is hollow. The rest, and the original shell, have become filled with a solid mass of calcium, perhaps by infiltration of sea-water.

There are many "commensals" among the crabs; so many that just now I can cite but one tribe of them, the barnacles. These are, indeed, uninvited guests. There is one very large species of *Coronula*, which engraves itself on the skin of the hump-back whale, and is found nowhere else. It may be said, indeed, to dig itself in, for its base is deeply sunk in the skin. A whole row of them may be found along each flipper and others on the body. So far from conferring any benefit, they are a nuisance, since they impede the progress through the water of the huge body of their unwilling host. The barnacle benefits by being constantly carried to fresh feeding-grounds. And there is another barnacle which fastens itself on to the teeth of Sowerby's Whale.



3. A MOLLUSC WHICH SPENDS ITS LIFE ON A REEF AND IS OBLIGED TO BUILD A TUBE IN THE EVER-GROWING CORAL TO KEEP OPEN A WAY PERMITTING THE FREE INGRESS OF WATER: THE ORIGINAL SHELL OF MAGILUS (ENLARGED), DEEPLY EMBEDDED IN CORAL, WHICH (IN THE PHOTOGRAPH) HAS BEEN CUT PARTLY AWAY.

At first, *Magilus* assumes the form of an ordinary spiral shell and takes up its abode within the crevices of a coral-reef. The coral slowly advances round the shell, and would soon enclose it if the mollusc were not provided with some means of defeating this. The creature prolongs the lips of its aperture into a long, mostly crooked, tube, so as to keep pace with the growth of the coral and keep the tube open for the free ingress of water. The surface of the shell, it will be noted, has become much eroded by the surrounding coral.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH-LIANG IN ENGLAND: THE CHINESE WAR-LORD INSPECTING A CAMERA-GUN AT BIGGIN HILL AERODROME.

Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang, the Chinese War Lord, has been visiting England. He has shown great interest in our military activities. On August 3 he visited the R.A.F. aerodrome at Biggin Hill, Kent; while it was understood that he would be a spectator at the 2nd Division's exercise, when the Thames was crossed above Mapledurham.



THE STATUES OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS ERECTED ON THE FRONT OF YPRES CHURCH: A PATRIOTIC BELGIAN MEMORIAL.

Ypres, the one big Belgian town which was not invaded in the Great War, has raised a fitting memorial of the heroic resistance offered to overwhelming force. The royal family were the heart and soul of this unbroken national spirit; and King Albert and Queen Elisabeth are perpetuated here in stone as the knightly champion of a town and his lady, might have been in the Middle Ages.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK VISITS GLAMIS WITH HER DAUGHTERS—AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S DOG! THE ROYAL PARTY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL.

The Duchess of York, who celebrated the anniversary of her birthday on August 4, left London by train for Glamis Castle the same night. It was understood that she would spend a short holiday there with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. She was accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. It was stated that the Duke of York would shortly join her.



MR. WILL HAY.

The well-known music-hall "schoolmaster" comedian, who is an amateur astronomer, and observed the big white spot on Saturn some thirty hours before its appearance was noted and announced by astronomers in America. He was observing with a 6 in. refractor, at Norbury.



MR. ARTHUR LANDER.

Representative of Vickers-Armstrong's in Turkey. Expelled, August 3, and escorted to the frontier by police. No public explanation was given for his expulsion. The Turkish Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs later called on the British Ambassador.



DR. T. RICE HOLMES.

Probably the greatest English authority on Julius Caesar. Died August 4; aged seventy-eight. Wrote "Caesar's Conquest of Gaul" (1899), "Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Caesar" (1907), "The Roman Republic," and "The Architect of the Roman Empire."



MM. ROSSI AND CODOS (RIGHT), THE FRENCH AIRMEN WHO BROKE THE RECORD FOR A LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHT.

The French airmen, MM. Codos and Rossi, who left New York on August 5, landed at Rayah, Syria, on August 7, beating by some 200 miles the long-distance record of 5309 miles set up by Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flt.-Lieut. Nicholetts in February. The French machine, the "Joseph Le Brix," is a high-wing Blériot 110 monoplane.



MR. J. H. THOMAS VISITS THE SOUTH AFRICAN DISPLAY AT THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD'S SHOP IN BRIGHTON, IN A ZULU RICKSHAW.

The Empire Marketing Board has for some months been in occupation of a shop at 156, Western Road, Brighton, various Dominions and Colonies being tenants for fortnightly periods in turn. The Union of South Africa's tenancy began on August 7, when the display was formally opened by the Mayor of Brighton, supported by Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Dominions Secretary, who arrived in a Zulu-drawn rickshaw. He is seen here with the South African Trade Commissioner (right).



LORD BADEN-POWELL AT THE GREAT SCOUT JAMBOREE IN HUNGARY: THE CHIEF SCOUT GIVEN A LEG-UP ON TO HIS HORSE BY HUNGARIAN LEADERS.

Great enthusiasm was manifest when Lord Baden-Powell visited the camp of the British contingent at the Scout Jamboree at Gödöllő, in Hungary, on August 6. Interest in the visit was so great that the camp had to be cordoned off by Scout police. On the previous day Lord Baden-Powell and the Regent of Hungary had witnessed a march-past of the population of the country of Gödöllő in their picturesque national costumes.

THE BANK HOLIDAY EXODUS TO THE WATER: HUMAN



AT FOLKESTONE IN BRILLIANT AUGUST SUNSHINE: A HAPPY THONG OF HOLIDAY-MAKERS BATHING AND SUNNING THEMSELVES ALONG THE EAST CLIFF SHORE.



ENJOYING THE SEA BREEZES THAT HELPED TO RESTORE THE KING TO HEALTH: THOUSANDS OF HIS SUBJECTS MAKING HOLIDAY AT BOGNOR REGIS—SEEN FROM THE PIER.



BRIGHTON DURING A PERFECT AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY: A WONDERFUL PICTURE, TAKEN AT MIDDAY FROM THE PALACE PIER, SHOWING THE SUN-LIT BEACHES, WITH THEIR VAST POPULATION OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS



THE DELIGHTS OF BATHING NOW MADE AVAILABLE FOR INLAND HOLIDAY-MAKERS: AN ANIMATED BANK HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE ENFIELD BATHS, ONE OF THE MANY OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-POOLS AROUND LONDON.

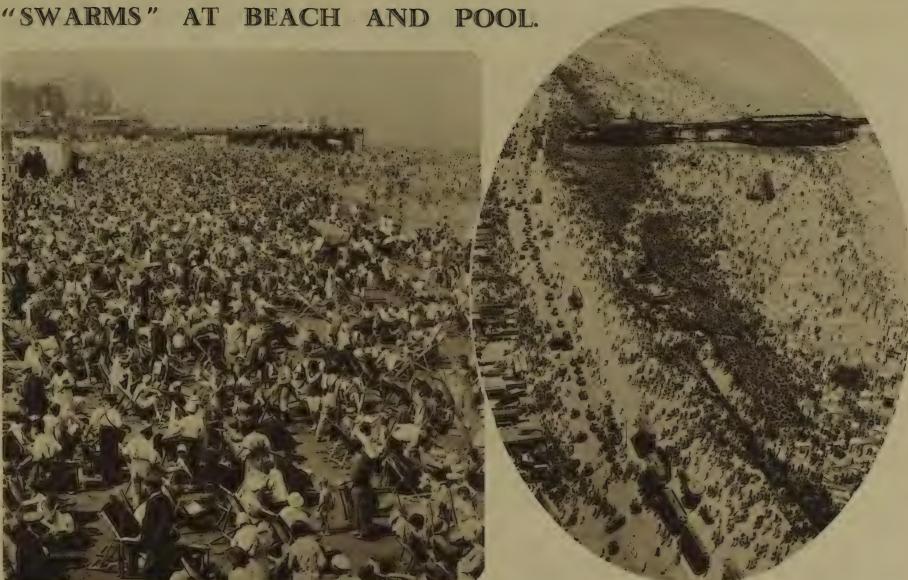


FAMILY GATHERINGS ON THE BEACH AT SOUTHEND-ON-SEA DURING THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY: A TYPICAL SCENE AT ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SEASIDE RESORTS WITHIN EASY REACH OF LONDON.

Never has the August Bank Holiday been favoured with more glorious weather, and holiday-makers took full advantage of the fact. In all parts of the country they flocked to the sea in their thousands to enjoy the delights of bathing, or sunning themselves on the beach. The enormous

crowds that were able to do so seem to indicate that we may be coming to an end of our period of adversity, or, at any rate, that a certain level of well-being is more widely distributed nowadays than it was formerly in less democratic times. The photographs given here show typical Bank

"SWARMS" AT BEACH AND POOL.

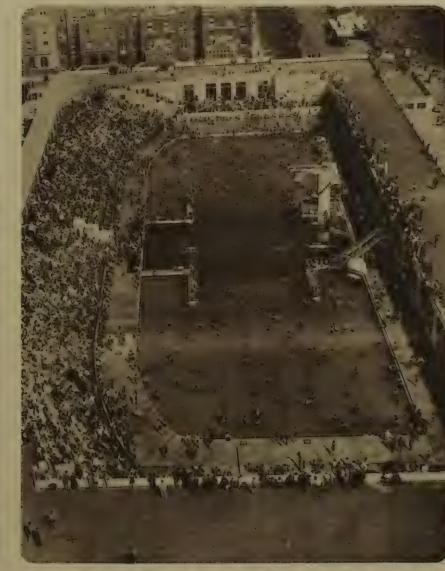


MARGATE MAINTAINS ITS POPULARITY IN GLORIOUS HOLIDAY WEATHER: THE SANDS FULLY OCCUPIED BY SUN-SEEKERS EVEN AT LOW TIDE.

BLACKPOOL BANK HOLIDAY CROWDS SEEN FROM THE AIR: AN UNUSUAL VIEW SHOWING PART OF THE SEVEN-MILE FRONT AT THE FAMOUS LANCASHIRE RESORT.



BANK HOLIDAY AT EASTBOURNE, IN WEATHER THAT MADE SUNSHADES ACCEPTABLE AND ENHANCED THE ATTRACTIOMS OF THE WATER: A JOYOUS CROWD BESIDE THE BATHING-TENTS.



LIKE AN AMPHITHEATRE WITH WATER FOR STAGE: THE SWIMMING-POOL AT ST. LEONARDS, WELL PATRONISED BOTH BY BATHERS AND SPECTATORS, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR.

variety of amusements, and congestion on the beaches is all part of the fun. A welcome novelty in recent years is the growing number of inland bathing-pools, such, for example, as those at Enfield and Guildford. There are many in the neighbourhood of London, and all were well patronised during the holiday.

HIPPOPOTAMUS AMULETS, "WOOLWORTH" POTTERY, BULL

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION



AN EARLY PREDYNASTIC TOMB GROUP FOUND AT ARMANT: THREE PLASTER OBJECTS (LOWER RIGHT), THE EARLIEST PAINTED PLASTER EVER FOUND; A SLATE PALETTE WHICH HAD ROUGHLY ADHERING TO IT; AND SAMPLES OF MATTING, ROPework, ETC. (WITH CM. SCALE.)

FOR the last four years the Egypt Exploration Society's Expedition to Armant has been clearing the cemetery of the Sacred Bull Buchis, incarnations of whom were worshipped in the temple at Armant from 357 B.C. to 296 A.D. This cemetery was discovered by Sir Robert Mond, President of the Society, in 1926, and the work on it has now been completed. During the season 1931–1932, the Expedition devoted their time to clearing.

(Continued below.)



PREDYNASTIC STONE MODELS OF BULLS, FOR THE MOST PART VERY STYLISED, FOUND, BY COINCIDENCE, CLOSE TO THE BUCHEUM AT ARMANT, THE LAST PLACE WHERE THE BULL WAS WORSHIPPED IN EGYPT—ABOUT 4000 YEARS LATER. (WITH CENTIMETRE SCALE.)

"stoneware" pottery. The strangest find was a grave containing three examples of stuccoed linen, all three painted with inexplicable designs. The larger example was so thin and fragile that it had to be set in modern plaster to bring it home. In the same tomb were found an alabaster jar (with the ointment, a "beauty preparation," still inside it), a slate palette (for grinding cosmetics) in the shape of a turtle, and many kinds of basket and rope work brought home for examination



PREDYNASTIC POTTERY FROM ARMANT IN REMARKABLE PRESERVATION: INCLUDING (LOWER RIGHT) A POT FROM THE "WOOLWORTH'S" OF THE PERIOD, BAKED OF HARDER CLAY AND PAINTED TO IMITATE PORPHYRY. (WITH CENTIMETRE AND INCH SCALE.)

some Predynastic cemeteries which the President noticed during a walk over the concession. The results have well justified the excavations. The photographs show some of the most interesting finds. The two limestone models of hippopotami are examples of the stone-carving of these people, who lived about 4000 years B.C. The ring on the back of the hippopotamus pierced with holes is for suspensory purposes, as these objects were probably amulets. The set of magnificently

(Continued above.)



STONE CARVING OF 6000 YEARS AGO: PINK LIMESTONE PREDYNASTIC MODELS OF HIPPOPOTAMI; PROBABLY AMULETS, SINCE THE RINGS ARE PIERCED FOR HANGING. (NATURAL SIZE.)



A PREDYNASTIC BURIAL AS IT MUST HAVE LOOKED WHEN INTERRED: A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON FRAGMENTS OF BASKET BEDS FOUND AT ARMANT—TO BE SHOWN IN DUE COURSE AT THE NEW WELLCOME HISTORICAL MEDICAL MUSEUM.

worked flint knives all belonged to one man, and the value of these objects to the owner may be judged by the fact that half of a broken knife was included in his collection. The round object at the bottom is a large carnelian bead. The pottery found was in exceptionally fine condition, as the specimens illustrated show. The two decorated specimens at the right of the top row are of a novel

MODELS—THE TREASURE OF PREDYNASTIC AND OTHER TOMBS.

SOCIETY AND THE PRESIDENT, SIR ROBERT MOND.



A BURIAL OF THE LATE PREDYNASTIC PERIOD, WHICH CONTAINED TWO QUARTZ BEADS GLAZED BY A METHOD APPARENTLY PEGLAR TO MESOPOTAMIA; SHOWING POTTERY AND SKELETON IN SITU. (WITH METRE RODS.)

type. The pot at the right of the bottom row came from the "Woolworth's" of the period. It is baked of harder clay than the other ware, and was made to serve the same purpose as the expensive stone vessels. To emphasise its value the owners made it in the same shape as the original stone examples and painted it to imitate porphyry. These are, in fact, the earliest examples of

(Continued on centre left.)



A SET OF MAGNIFICENTLY WORKED FLINT KNIVES, AND (BELOW) A ROUND CARNELIAN BEAD—THE PROPERTY OF ONE PREDYNASTIC MAN, WHO INCLUDED HALF OF A BROKEN KNIFE IN HIS COLLECTION. (WITH CENTIMETRE SCALE.)



EXAMPLES OF FLINT INSTRUMENTS OF A TYPE EXTREMELY RARE IN THE NILE VALLEY BUT COMMON AT ARMANT, AND SIMILAR TO THOSE FOUND BY MISS CATON-THOMPSON AT KHARGA OASIS; THE ADES HAVING A TRACHEE EDGE. (WITH CENTIMETRE AND INCH SCALE.)

and report by experts. Three days' work was needed to preserve the plaster objects sufficiently well to make it possible to touch them and lift them. Remains of beds and linen sheets were found, and from these a reconstruction of the probable appearance of a grave at the time of burial has been made, and will be on show in due course at the new Wellcome Historical Medical Museum. A nearby settlement site was also excavated and produced some

(Continued from centre.)
interesting results. Two types of flint, rare in Egypt, were found in some quantity, large borers or dibblers, and adzes with a bevelled edge. The latter have recently been found by Miss G. Caton-Thompson at Kharga Oasis. It was curious—if only a coincidence—to find, less than a mile from the Buceum, the last place where the bull was worshipped in Egypt, clay models of bulls dating to the beginning of Egyptian religion. The shape

(Continued below.)



THE STATUETTE OF A CURIOUSLY UGLY MIDDLE KINGDOM POTENTATE: A FIGURE IN PAINTED LIMESTONE OF THE OWNER OF A LARGE 12TH-DYNASTY TOMB. (ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.)



A FINE ALABASTER TABLE FROM A TOMB OF THE SECOND DYNASTY—THAT IS, ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: AN EXAMPLE OF THE DISCOVERIES MADE IN WORK DONE AT ARMANT ON DYNASTIC TOMBS. (WITH CENTIMETRE SCALE.)

is very stylised, and the fragile horns have been lost long ago, but from better-made specimens the intention of the artist is clear. Work was also done in some Dynastic tombs, and a fine alabaster table of the Second Dynasty was recovered; also the statuette of a curiously hideous potentate of the Middle Kingdom. Work was discontinued last winter in order to study and publish in full the results of the last five seasons.—H. O. H. MYERS, DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT ARMANT.

ODDS AND ENDS OF THE WORLD'S NEWS—AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA.



FRENCH WAR-SHIPS IN THE HEART OF AN ENGLISH CITY: TWO SLOOPS FROM BREST MOORED IN BRISTOL.

It is interesting to record one of the infrequent visits of units of the French Navy to English ports—coinciding as it did with the "Navy Week" season. "Three French naval despatch boats," writes the correspondent who sends us this photograph, "'Meuse,' 'Vauquois,' and 'Coucy,' attached to the Naval School at Brest, arrived at Bristol, where the officers and men were entertained by the town. They moored right on the Tramways Centre in the heart of the City."



TEACHING AN UNDERGRADUATE PUPIL BLIND FLYING—WITH A HOODED COCKPIT: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON IN TRAINING.

In our issue of July 8 we gave a photograph of members of the Oxford University Air Squadron in camp at Eastchurch, Sheppey; making mention of the high standard of all-round efficiency attained there. Here we illustrate the no less fruitful activities of the Cambridge University Squadron—at Upavon, Wilts. A pupil is seen being instructed in blind flying under a hood in the rear cockpit of the machine.



THE OLD STAGERS' 88TH SEASON DURING CANTERBURY WEEK: A SCENE FROM "THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN," WITH MISS JOYCE BLAND AS LADY KATHERYN HOWARD.

The Old Stagers opened their 88th season, at the St. George's Theatre, Canterbury, on August 5, with a revival of Mr. Clifford Bax's play, "The Rose Without a Thorn," a history of Lady Katheryn Howard. Miss Joyce Bland, who played the part in the original London production, was the Lady Katheryn, and the other leading part, that of Henry VIII., was taken by Mr. Ralph Alderson. Lady Crutchley appeared as Anne of Cleves, Lord Harris as the Earl of Hertford, and Mr. Harold Wacher as Cranmer.



THE TUNNY-FISHING SEASON OPENS: HUGE CATCHES SUSPENDED FROM A YACHT OFF SCARBOROUGH.

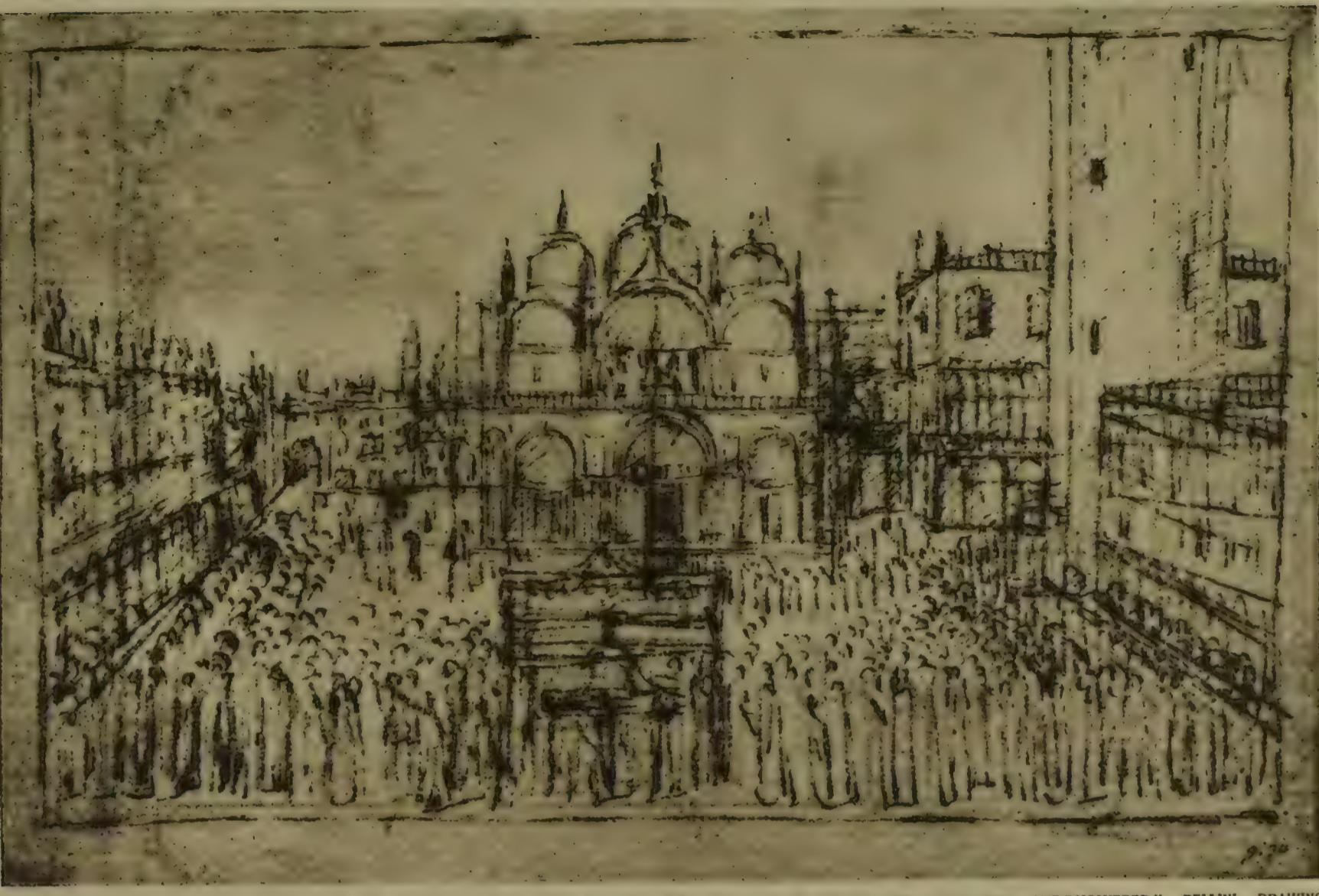
Col. E. T. Peel and Col. Stapleton-Cotton put in at Scarborough on August 6 with three tunny on board, breaking last year's record, when Col. Peel caught two on the same day. At the moment, the largest fish yet taken is credited to Col. Peel—459 lb.—though a radio report from Lady Broughton, afloat in the North Sea, claims a catch weighing 564 lb.



AFTER AN AEROPLANE CRASH AT HAWKINGE AERODROME, NEAR FOLKESTONE: A HANGAR BURNED OUT WITH SIX MACHINES IN IT, AND ONE THAT COLLIDED WITH IT—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

One of nine torpedo bombers engaged in formation flying, on August 7, was caught in a sudden gust while descending at Hawkinge Aerodrome, near Folkestone, and crashed on to a hangar in which six machines were stored. Escaping petrol was ignited by the heat of the roof, which burst into flames, along with the bomber. The pilot, Flight-Lieut. Hartridge, jumped 30 ft. to the floor, and his observer, Aircraftman Connett, jumped to the ground outside. Both were injured. The hangar, its contents, and their machine were completely burnt.

FROM BARGAIN-BOX TO £280! THE "NEW" BELLINI DRAWING.



FOUND RECENTLY IN A CHEAP BUNDLE OF PRINTS FROM A BARGAIN-BOX—SINCE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S FOR £280!—THE "RE-DISCOVERED" BELLINI DRAWING WHICH WAS PROBABLY MADE FOR THE FAMOUS PICTURE REPRODUCED BELOW. (SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.)—[Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby.]



THE FAMOUS PICTURE FOR WHICH THE "RE-DISCOVERED" BELLINI DRAWING WAS, IN ALL PROBABILITY, A ROUGH SKETCH: "THE PROCESSION OF THE RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS IN THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK"; FINISHED IN 1496, AND NOW IN THE VENICE ACADEMY.—[Reproduction by Courtesy of Sir Robert Witt.]

In the sale of Old Master drawings held at Sotheby's on August 2, the red chalk and pen-and-ink drawing by Gentile Bellini, "The Procession of the Relic of the Holy Cross in the Square of St. Mark," found a buyer at £280. In all probability, this drawing (5½ by 7½ in.) was a design for the famous picture that Bellini finished in 1496 for the School of St. John the Evangelist in Venice, a work now in the Venice Academy. Drawings by Bellini are of the utmost rarity, and as a working drawing for one of the most notable Venetian pictures of the fifteenth century (if such, indeed, it was), this one is of the greatest importance. It comes near in style to a drawing by Bellini in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth; and it is interesting to note that the latter drawing in the Resta Somers collection bears the number G.32, whereas the drawing reproduced here bears the number G.34. The story goes that No. G.34 changed hands in London recently as an item in a bundle of prints from the "bargain-box" which was sold for a few shillings. The buyer took

his "job lot" to Sotheby's; and an unmistakable Bellini drawing was brought to light! Seemingly, it was once in the Somers and J. Richardson collection (where it was ascribed to Giovanni Bellini). The picture by Gentile Bellini reproduced here is, in any case, of supreme historical interest, because of the detailed record it gives of the appearance of St. Mark's Square at the time. Those who know Venice will recognise the mosaics on the façade of St. Mark's, the famous horses, and the ducal palace, with its characteristic decoration. They may further note that the arcade on the south side of the square was joined to the Campanile, instead of the latter being left standing by itself in the open, as it now is. Another interesting little point is the chimney-pots which can be seen on the extreme left, and have already taken the form so characteristic of Venice. We may be allowed to think of Bellini actually sitting at a window on the west side of the Square and sketching away: perhaps the procession was even brought to a stop momentarily while the great man filled in his drawing.

AIR OPERATIONS ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: "INCONVENIENCE" THE CHIEF "WEAPON" USED AGAINST UNRULY TRIBES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

TRANSLATION OF A TYPICAL MESSAGE DROPPED.

To the Malik of Tungisayd. You have been warned that your resistance to the Government must cease and that you are to release the four men you kidnapped in the Barani Country. If you have not complied with the orders of the Government, your fort will be bombarded at any time after dawn tomorrow. You should, therefore, at once remove your women and children to a place of safety; and they should not return until you have complied with the terms of the Government.



THE R.A.F. ENFORCING LAW AND ORDER IN INDIA: WARNINGS; AND PENALTIES FOR IGNORING THEM—ACTION THAT ENSURES AS LITTLE DANGER TO LIFE AND PROPERTY AS POSSIBLE.

The use of aircraft in the wild mountain country of the North-West Frontier of India has been of the greatest value in keeping law and order in an area in which a man's rifle is treasured more than his wife or his home. As a general rule, aerial operations fall into two categories—(1) the punitive, when it is necessary to punish tribesmen for causing bloodshed or for harbouring a hostile leader; and (2) ordinary police work. In each case, the chief "arm" employed is not so much the bomb as the threat that

bombing may follow if the warning messages dropped are not heeded. This threat of an attack on their village at any time causes the tribesmen to evacuate their homes and live in caves, and so upsets their normal life that threatened "inconvenience" may well be called the most important "weapon" employed by the Government. The aircraft may come over the mountain tops at any moment; in consequence, there is no opportunity for the villagers to attend to their crops or to their daily avocations; and flood



stay at random. If this state of affairs continues indefinitely, the position becomes so intolerable that the unruly tribesmen ultimately decide to "throw in their hands." The aerial punitive expedition, it should be added, is designed to inflict punishment on the rebellious without having to utilize troops, who might suffer many casualties in dangerous districts whose every stone is known to the defenders. After the tribesmen have been duly warned to vacate their villages and have taken to the caves, the aircraft begin to

make their power felt. In some instances, villages are bombed, the watch-towers being the chief targets. This leads other tribesmen to realize that their own village may be the next to receive attention. On certain occasions, more severe punishment may be deemed necessary, and it may then be decided to attack the crops. Even in punitive expeditions, every effort is made to obtain surrender without the endangering of human life or undue destruction of property: the chief "weapon" is always inconvenience.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



AUSTRIA'S ONLY SEA-GOING BOAT, A HOMELESS WAIF WITHOUT A NATIVE SEAPORT: A VESSEL OF DISTINCTION ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

A vessel unique in the world's mercantile marine paid a visit to England not very long ago, and is here seen off Millwall Docks. She is the S.S. "Wien," the only sea-going boat that flies the Austrian flag. Her port of registry is given as "Austria," since Austria has no coast, Trieste, formerly the principal port of the Empire, being now Italian. The S.S. "Wien," of 4000 tons gross, arrived from Alexandria with a cargo of oil-seed cake and onions.



YACHT-RACING IN THE AFRICAN HIGHLANDS—OVER 6000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL: A REGATTA ON LAKE NAIASHA, IN THE HEART OF KENYA.

A good illustration of the British settler's capacity for importing home sports into apparently unpromising territory is afforded by the Yacht Club at Naivasha. The lake, roughly circular in shape, with a diameter of about thirteen miles, lies amid picturesque scenery over six thousand feet above sea-level, in a depression of the great rift-valley. Every boat, unless constructed locally, has to be brought to it a distance of over 350 miles from the coast.



A NEW USE FOR OLD WAR-SHIPS: USING AN OBSOLETE TORPEDO-BOAT AS A BOILER-HOUSE.

"A novel method of utilising an obsolete torpedo-boat," our correspondent writes, "comes from Denmark, where the middle section of the 'Havoren,' with the boilers intact, was lifted by crane from the breaking-up slip and dropped alongside the workshop at the Royal Dockyard, Copenhagen, where she now supplies steam for the plant."



A YARDSTICK FOR ASTRONOMICAL DISTANCES: THE MILE-LONG VACUUM TUBE IN CALIFORNIA; RECENTLY MEASURED TO SEE IF IT HAD KEPT ITS ORIGINAL LENGTH.

Scientists have again measured the mile-long vacuum tube of corrugated iron which the late Dr. Albert A. Michelson installed on a ranch near Santa Ana to check the results of his famous experiments on the velocity of light. Their object was to see if the tube was the same length as before, since earth disturbances or tidal forces might have shortened or lengthened the mile of ground on which it lies. A very high degree of accuracy is required.



THE SWASTIKA IN THE FAR EAST: A JAPANESE CEREMONIAL PROCESSION, WITH A BANNER BEARING THAT MOST WIDESPREAD OF SYMBOLS.

The swastika, the adoption of which by the Nazis gave it a new and strange significance in the modern world, is one of the most ancient and widespread of all ornamental forms, appearing in both hemispheres. It probably originated as a sun symbol; perhaps in ancient Egypt. The procession in which it is being carried here was to celebrate the 2593rd anniversary of the traditional foundation of the Japanese Empire; and the costumes are in the manner of old feudal times.



WAR MEMORIALS ERECTED BY UNSCHOOLLED YUGO-SLAVIAN PEASANTS; WITH LOW BAS-RELIEFS REPRESENTING THE BELOVED DEAD.

Simple Yugo-Slavian peasants, wives, mothers, or friends of the dead set up these naive and touching monuments to the memory of Serbian soldiers killed in the Great War. Long inscriptions tell the history of the dead—their name, birth, rank (whether simple private or N.C.O.), place of death, and so on—and painted bas-reliefs perpetuate their memory. The stones are set up by the roadside.

SIAMESE BOXING: KICKS ALLOWED; AND PRAYERS FOR VICTORY BEFORE THE FIGHT.



PRAYERS FOR VICTORY TO THE COMBATANTS' PATRON SAINTS BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGINS: AN ESSENTIAL PRELIMINARY TO THE BOUT IN SIAMESE BOXING.



ALL IN—IN THE MANNER OF THE OLD FRENCH SAVATE: KICKING, WITH THE BARE FEET, ALLOWED IN BOXING AS PRACTISED IN SIAM.



A SPORT WHICH, IN THE OPINION OF A SPECTATOR, IS MORE INTERESTING AND LIVELY TO WATCH THAN THE EUROPEAN STYLE: A SIAMESE BOXER AIMING A KICK AT HIS OPPONENT.

Siam is a country in which sportsmanship is held in very high esteem. The King of Siam, for instance, used the word last winter, when he congratulated the leaders of the Revolution on their "sporting" action in retracting any statements they had made derogatory to his Majesty's house. Here is illustrated a form of Siamese sport which, though not entirely consistent with modern British ideas, is a fairly conducted exercise calling for courage and skill of the highest degree. Boxing is an old sport of Siam (though the gloves that the fighters here seen are wearing are, of course, new), and in Siamese pictures and wall-

paintings of earlier centuries many such bouts between men and demons are represented. Kicking, digs in the eye with the elbow, and such-like methods of attack are, however, fair, as they were in the old-fashioned French *savate*; and the fighters, it will be seen, wear thick padding as protection below the belt. Before the fight starts, each kneels down and prays for victory to his patron saint, and then performs a short spell of "shadow-boxing" to show exactly how he intends to defeat his opponent! The sport is followed with great interest by the public, and wagers are freely made.—[COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. BOSSHARD.]

THE KNOCK-OUT—THOUGH THERE IS NO REFEREE IN THE RING TO COUNT THE TEN SECONDS: THE END OF A FIGHT THAT LASTS SIX ROUNDS OF THREE MINUTES EACH.

NEW FEATURES OF NAVY WEEK AT THE HOME PORTS; AND A RELIGIOUS SERVICE ABOARD THE "VICTORY."



A NOVELTY OF NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH: THE MODEL OF A CHINESE PIRATE JUNK, WHICH ATTACKED A PASSENGER-BOAT AND WAS FOUGHT BY A SUBMARINE.



THE RITUAL OF "CROSSING THE LINE" AS ENACTED DURING NAVY WEEK AT CHATHAM BY THE NEW ENTRIES ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS: NEPTUNE HOLDING HIS COURT.



A SUBMARINE SINKING, STERN FIRST, AS THE RESULT OF SHELL FIRE FROM A "Q" SHIP: A DRAMATIC MOMENT DURING AN UNPRECEDENTED NAVY WEEK SPECTACLE AT PLYMOUTH.



THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, H.M.S. "FURIOUS," AT PLYMOUTH: A VIEW FROM THE SHIP'S HANGAR, SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND H.M.S. "MALAYA" (LEFT) AND THE MINE-LAYER "ADVENTURE" (RIGHT).



CROWDS OF VISITORS GOING ON BOARD A SUBMARINE TO SEE THE WONDERS OF ITS INTERIOR: ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF NAVY WEEK AT CHATHAM, WHERE THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGGE WAS STAGED IN MINIATURE.



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE WELL-KNOWN DAVIS SUBMARINE ESCAPE APPARATUS, GIVEN DURING NAVY WEEK AT CHATHAM: A DISPLAY WHICH ARoused GREAT PUBLIC INTEREST, AS OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS.

Navy Week began at the three home ports—Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport (Plymouth)—on Saturday, August 5. At Portsmouth the Week was opened by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, who, speaking from H.M.S. "Victory," emphasised the vital importance of the Navy for the protection of the nation's food supply and trade, and deprecated further reduction of its strength. Aboard the same historic ship Divine service (broadcast by the B.B.C.) was held on the morning of Sunday, August 6, and Holy Communion was celebrated in Nelson's cabin. The combined



DIVINE SERVICE ON BOARD THE "VICTORY" AT PORTSMOUTH, WHICH WAS BROADCAST BY THE B.B.C.: THE SCENE ON DECK, SHOWING THE CHOIR, INCLUDING A GROUP OF GIRLS IN CAP AND GOWN (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND).



A DESTROYER DISCHARGING A TORPEDO: AN IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION THAT WAS INCLUDED IN THE PROGRAMME OF NAVY WEEK AT PLYMOUTH, WHERE DISPLAYS OF DEPTH-CHARGE FIRING WERE ALSO GIVEN.

choirs of H.M. Dockyard and R.N. Barracks Churches participated. The displays at Portsmouth included a fight between a pirate junk, attacking a merchant ship, and a submarine. The ritual of Neptune's Court on Crossing the Line was carried out both at Portsmouth and Chatham. At Chatham,

among other events, there was also a demonstration of the Davis submarine escape apparatus. At Plymouth a mock fight between a "Q" ship and a submarine could be viewed from the deck of the aircraft-carrier "Furious." Another interesting feature was the firing of torpedoes and depth-charges.

The World of the Kinema.

"COARSE EMOTION": FORTITUDE.

THE phrase is George Eliot's, and it fits appropriately, as descriptive of the character of the common run of films, films that come and go in our picture-houses, taking such life as they possess from their capacity to whip up the coarse emotions. At the Regal "The Narrow Corner" twists the narrative of the original and robs Somerset Maugham's novel of its values in the interests of the purely sensational, till all we have left is crude nudity, destroying viciousness, and spectacular effect. At the Plaza, in "Gambling Ship," we have the fevered atmosphere of casinos and gangsters, where violence is the only virtue. "Lilly Turner," at the Capitol, records a sequence of amorous experiences, the ins-and-outs—the anfractuosities, Johnson would have said, had he been civil—all calculated to one unsavoury purpose. It would be a long list if I attempted the compilation—"The Story of Temple Drake" recently seen, defines the type—of brutal and debasing pictures, and it forces the question: "What are we doing with the screen?" I am not here concerned with the way pictures are done, so much as why they are done. The technical achievements and the acting can be accepted as praiseworthy, but the fundamental issue concerns what they express. Here is a medium, wonderfully perfected, simple in its language, universal in its appeal, pervading its influence everywhere, as it fills the empty hours with entertainment. Is that influence for the common good? I would as soon think of damning the Equator as of condemning all films, but of the type under consideration, I am driven to ask how much integrity or sincerity informs them?

Could anything be said of the aesthetic aspect of the standardised productions from the Hollywood studios? The purely commercial basis of the production, distribution, and exhibition of films rarely takes into account the artistic potentialities of the screen. There is always the difficulty, in discussing the problems of the kinema, of making an adjustment between its progress as an industry and its claims as an art. But if the kinema is to fulfil itself—and

action, and the theatre was one of the chief means. To-day, in the larger and more complex modern State, it cannot be so achieved; but character still remains the one supreme and satisfying objective. Plato began his scheme of education by instruction through "the lie"; that is, through fiction; but it must be an "honest and noble lie." It was Diderot who confessed he was weeping for his friends

is jerky and contains a good deal of flicker, though some of the "stills" are superb and unsurpassed by any subsequent Polar work. After all, it was shot in 1911, in the infancy of kinema photography, under difficult conditions. Yet in its very lack of art—in the sense of "artfulness"—is its power. There is not one hint of fake. It is sincere, direct, honest, and in praiseworthy contrast with another Polar film produced eighteen years later by an American company and featuring a certain Commander Byrd, whose undeniable achievement was gravely marred by studio interpolations. The film is, of course, silent, but its continuity is accompanied by a commentary spoken by Mr. Herbert Ponting, who was responsible for the whole of the original photography. His is an apt and unassuming monologue, delivered with admirable restraint, yet conveying the air of selfless resolution which pervades the entire immortal story.

That one already knows the story in no way detracts from its dramatic value. Just as every Athenian, before he entered the theatre which "billed" Euripides' "Hippolytus" was familiar with the incidents of Phaedra's jealousy, so we, who troop likewise through the Polytechnic portals, are acquainted with the bare facts of Scott's last expedition. But only through Mr. Ponting's camera can we get a true estimate of this quest for an invisible Euclidean Pole—the hazards and difficulties, the feats of ingenuity, the heroism and endurance performed. The whole story cannot be told, for there was no room for bulky kinema apparatus in the vital scanty baggage of the final 800 miles' pilgrimage. That most poignant chapter of all is told only by reference to those tragic relics found in the tent beside the bodies of Scott, Bowers, and Wilson. (Evans had been killed on the Beardmore Glacier, and Oates, crippled by frostbite,



"REUNION IN VIENNA," AT THE EMPIRE: DIANA WYNYARD AND JOHN BARRYMORE IN THE STORY OF A GAY, IRRESPONSIBLE ARCHDUKE WHO SEEKS TO RENEW THE GLAMOUR AND ROMANCE OF DAYS THAT HAVE GONE FOR EVER.

Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison; and Wordsworth found refuge from trivialities in the company of Una and Desdemona. "Example," said Burke, "is the school of mankind and they will learn at no other." There is a potential moral life in every man, and it is the privilege and prerogative of the arts to bring fine things to fine issues. That should be the target of the kinema, and to direct such an aim there must be fundamental sincerity of purpose.

It is this essential merit that stamps the record of the Scott Expedition, a merit that more than compensates for its technical defects, for these are no heroes of that debased coinage minted by sensation-mongers, but men whom Carlyle would have held up to honour, men who deserve a permanent memorial to serve as a continual inspiration.

The permanent records of man's achievement on earth have, in time past, taken many forms. Writing in books, carving in wood and stone, painting in colours—all the plastic arts have in turn been used to commemorate his actions during life and the manner of his death; his final resting-place has been marked for subsequent generations with some monument considered fitting to the importance of his career or the munificence of his bequests. In style it may range from a Great Pyramid in magnitude, a tomb of Napoleon or Lenin in splendour, to that simple wooden cross, set in a vast waste of ice, which marks the last camping-ground of Captain R. F. Scott and those fellow-explorers who perished with him on March 29, 1912.

Not many people will see that cross. But those five explorers have another memorial, more lasting, more explicit and comprehensive, and grander because less meretricious, than the hewn stone of Pharaoh or an Emperor's blue-veined marble. Their expedition was accompanied by a kinematograph camera, and is recorded for all posterity under the

name of "90° South," now showing at the Polytechnic.

It is not a new film. I, for one, have seen most of it before . . . long ago, under a less imaginative and more ponderous title. It is not, technically speaking, a very good film, as photography is reckoned nowadays. Its action



"THE REBEL," AT THE REGAL: LUIS TRENKER, AS THE HERO OF A TYROLESE REVOLT AGAINST NAPOLEON'S RÉGIME, SIGNALS TO HIS MEN TO OPEN FIRE ON THE FRENCH.

Luis Trenker (whose previous successes were "The Doomed Battalion" and "The White Hell of Pitz Palu") is both the author and the male star of this picture, which deals with the heroic, but unsuccessful, endeavours of a small band of Tyrolese to resist the might of Napoleon in 1808. Vilma Banky also stars in this film.

had stumbled out to die alone in the blizzard.) Those relics . . . Scott's log, a few photographs, and Dr. Wilson's diary (written in the annual of Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome, so familiar to all general practitioners) are to be seen to-day in a simple glass case in the British Museum.

So economical of emotion is Mr. Ponting that one almost blames him for what is a virtue. He refuses to stress the dramatic crises of the tragedy—Scott's knowledge of Amundsen's attempt, his foreboding and heart-breaking realisation when the Norwegian flag fluttered before his eyes, and the final dispirited return. The whole epic of fortitude runs on an even note. The excitement of anticipation and the bitterness of disappointment are alike untouched, and the ultimate misery barely recorded. On the whole, one is grateful. There are some experiences which are too painful to be suffered even at second-hand.

G. F. H.



"THE GHUL," AT THE CAPITOL: BORIS KARLOFF, AS THE EGYPTOLOGIST WHO RETURNS FROM THE TOMB TO GET BACK THE MAGIC STONE STOLEN FROM WHAT WAS, APPARENTLY, HIS DEAD BODY.

"The Ghoul" centres round an Egyptologist who has purchased a precious stone stolen from an Egyptian tomb. Buried with this, he hopes to propitiate the Egyptian gods of the dead (in whom he has come to believe). The stone is stolen from his body, which was apparently without animation; and he returns from the tomb mad with rage.

its possibilities cannot be overestimated—it must find a reconciliation between these factors. In the eyes of the great philosophers of Greece the character of the citizen was the supreme end. Then, in those small antique communities, it was possible to seek that end by direct public

A "SEA CAMPAIGN" IN GERMANY: SHIP MODELS TO AROUSE NATIONAL PRIDE.



ONE OF THE LATEST PRODUCTS OF THE REMARKABLE SHIP-MODEL SCHOOL AT THE TEMPLINER SEAPLANE AIRPORT NEAR POTSDAM: A MODEL OF THE "BREMEN" ALMOST READY TO TAKE THE WATER.

MANY Germans naturally feel keenly the loss of their fleet at the end of the war, and some have felt it their duty to try and awaken a love of the sea in their young compatriots. Lieut. Max Bartsch (who was head engineer on a submarine) has pursued this object in a most original way. He has given up his time for some years to the education of a number of young men in a way which can only be described as most unselfish and patriotic. The ship-model building school at the Templiner seaplane

[Continued in centre.]



THE CREW OF THE MODEL BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG" TAKING A BATH: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE MODEL SEAPLANE ON ONE OF HER AFTER-TURRETS.



THE MODEL "HINDENBURG" MOORED TO THE QUAY AT THE TEMPLINER AIRPORT; WITH MEMBERS OF HER CREW ON GUARD.



HERR MAX BARTSCH (FORMERLY AN ENGINEER IN A SUBMARINE), WHO ORGANISED THE MODEL-SHIP SCHOOL, PAINTING AN EMBLEM ON A MODEL SHIP, WHILE A PUPIL ADJUSTS AN ANCHOR.



ONE OF THE "HINDENBURG'S" CREW GOING BELOW: A YOUTH WEARING A REPLICA OF THE GERMAN NAVAL UNIFORM; AND A BATTLE-CRUISER MODEL WITH UPWORKS TO SCALE.

airport near Potsdam has evoked the admiration of many foreign visitors. Our readers will remember that we illustrated the work of this school in our number of April 22; when we noted that all the models built here are "seaworthy," and are fitted in most cases with engines. Many years ago Lieut. Bartsch tried to get the authorities interested in his plan, but in vain. The late Major Hünefeld, the ocean flyer, gave him much assistance with advice and in deed. But at one time the workshops had to be maintained by the sale of postcards! In December 1929 a model of the Norddeutscher Lloyd liner "Columbus" was

completed and aroused great interest in New York when, with its crew of youths, it lay in the harbour beside its great namesake. In the summer of 1930 the "Hamburg" was launched, and that was followed by the battle-cruiser "Hindenburg." The model of the "Bremen," 14·3 metres long, was recently still "on the stocks"; as also the tanker "Franz Clasen," which carries 50 litres of fuel, intended to accompany the miniature fleet during a week's cruise.

DOES THE HORSE OF T'ANG ART PERSIST IN THE "CHINA PONY?"

The photographs on this page suggest the very interesting question, how far the breed of Chinese horses represented so brilliantly by artists of the T'ang dynasty (seventh to tenth centuries A.D.) persists in the Mongolian wild horse, or "China pony," of to-day. It is certain that stockiness, short legs, and thick necks are common to both. In his interesting article on this page, Mr. Basil Stevens mentions the introduction of new strains in the Mongolian wild horse, and describes the system of their preparation for racing purposes, with the resulting metamorphosis in their appearance.

ON the vast plains of Mongolia there are still to be found hundreds and thousands of wild horses (*Equus caballus przewalskii*) which strongly resemble the Tarpan, from whom they are descended. It is from here that China is supplied with her horse-flesh, both for commercial and sporting purposes. As beasts of burden, horses are practically only used in the North, since in the Southern Provinces no cart-roads exist and overland transport is effected by coolies, wheelbarrows, chairs, and rickshaws. Horses for sporting



A "CHINA PONY" AS HE LOOKED SOON AFTER HE HAD COME FROM THE DEALER'S YARD: A PHOTOGRAPH TO BE COMPARED WITH THAT ON THE RIGHT.



THE SAME PONY AS IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT AS HE LOOKED A YEAR LATER, SMARTLY GROOMED—NOTE THE DIFFERENCE IN THE FOREARMS AND QUARTERS.

often sadly depleted. From time to time during political upheavals, Arab, Russian, and other breeds of horses have broken loose from civilisation and have joined the wild herds. Consequently, although the stocky, short-legged, thick-necked Mongolian wild horse still predominates, it is found that many of his companions now show distinct traces of cross-breeding. The Arab influence is more widely disseminated, but of late years the Russian influence appears to be gaining ground rapidly. Roughly, once a year the herds are rounded up by their Mongol owners for counting and branding. Beyond this they are not interfered with at all. Thus the animals roam and breed under perfectly natural conditions. Owing to the hardness of their surroundings they develop very slowly, and it is seldom that a horse younger than five years old is selected for the market. More often the age averages seven. They are usually gelded before they start on their journey south, and until quite lately it was almost impossible to procure a mare, as the Mongols, wisely guarding their monopoly, refused to sell them. The unbroken horses are driven down, often many hundred miles, to Peking, Tientsin, or some other port, from whence they are shipped to Hankow, Shanghai, Hongkong, or sold locally. The animals generally arrive in poor condition, and it is difficult to believe that the half-starved, shaggy, terrified, possibly lame little wild creatures are capable of being turned into very presentable mounts and sometimes valuable race ponies. It can well be



A T'ANG HORSE NOT UNLIKE THE MONGOLIAN WILD HORSE, OR "CHINA PONY" OF TO-DAY—THOUGH THE LATTER IS OFTEN MODIFIED NOW BY ARAB AND RUSSIAN STRAINS.

purposes are bought in large numbers both by Chinese and foreigners, who use them mainly for racing in the larger towns, many of which are equipped with fine race-courses. A study of the conditions under which the herds exist in Mongolia makes it at once evident that only the hardier animals can survive. In the summer grass is abundant, and the horses find plenty on which to feed and develop. In the winter, however, the temperature falls many degrees below zero, and the shaggy little beasts have to exist on such food as they can uncover by scratching away the snow. Many die of cold, others become the prey of wolves, and, when spring appears, the herds are



A T'ANG HORSE, WITH LOWERED NECK, WHOSE TYPE SEEMS TO SURVIVE IN THE STOCKY, SHORT-LEGGED, THICK-NECKED MONGOLIAN WILD HORSE OF TO-DAY.



"CHINA PONIES" RACING AT TIENSIN: A FINE AND EVEN FINISH, NINETEEN HORSES SHOWING OUT OF A FIELD OF TWENTY-FIVE.



PHOTOGRAPHS TO ILLUSTRATE THE CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY TRAINING AND PROPER TREATMENT: A TYPICAL MONGOLIAN HORSE SOON AFTER LEAVING THE WILD.



THE METAMORPHOSIS WHICH CAN BE EFFECTED BY THE TRAINING OF WILD HORSES FOR THE RACE-COURSE: A STEEPLECHASE ON "CHINA PONIES."

there are any blemishes. Naturally, under these circumstances, it is not difficult for a wily dealer to palm off an old "crock," an animal that has perhaps previously been sold, gone lame, and then allowed to get so out of condition as to be indistinguishable from the raw ponies from Mongolia. But, even the dealers themselves have very little idea of the relative values of their horses, and one may be lucky enough to pick up a first-class animal at quite a low price. They cost from £30-£100 as a rule, and a good race pony may win as much as £1000 or more per annum for several seasons. A racing failure, on the other hand, may be difficult to dispose of for £5. Discarded race ponies, however, after changing hands, have often made good and won big races. The China pony, as the foreigner calls him, gives one a remarkable feeling of power in spite of his small height, seldom more than 14 hands. It is not exceptional to find a 12-3 pony carrying over eleven stone.

Cross-country races are frequently organised outside the larger cities. The courses average ten miles, and as many as a hundred jumps are often included, some of the ditches measuring twelve feet. It is then that the stamina of the China pony is most evident. Most of these ponies are natural jumpers. They also make good polo ponies. The little Mongol horse has often proved himself a reliable long-distance mount, game under trying conditions, and a delightful companion for up-country expeditions.

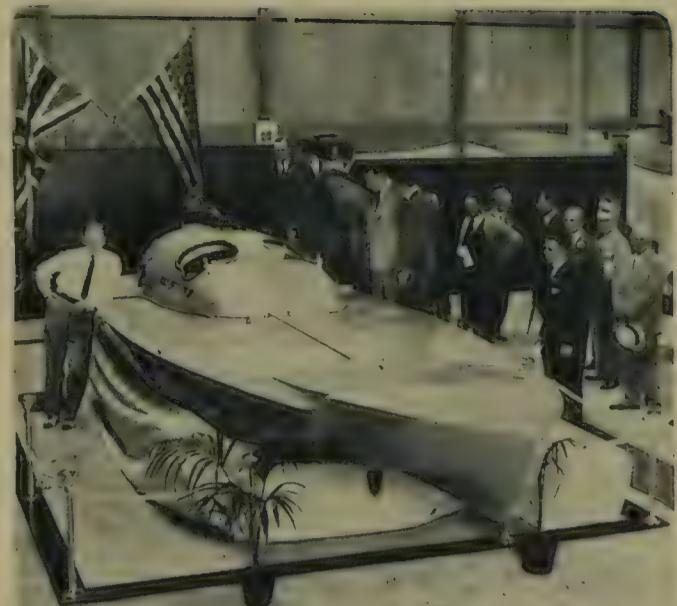
BASIL STEVENS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.



A MOTOR-BOAT WHICH IS ALMOST A HYDROPLANE, ALL BUT THE STERN LEAVING THE WATER WHEN AT SPEED: MR. HUBERT SCOTT-PAINE'S "MISS BRITAIN III." DURING TRIALS.

A remarkable product of marine engineering has been evolved at Hythe by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, who also intends to drive the boat in challenging for the British International Trophy at Detroit, on September 2. "Miss Britain III." is the nearest approach to a pure hydroplane ever entered for such a contest. She has already achieved over 100 miles an hour in Southampton Water, but will have for the race a new 1375-h.p. Napier engine, more powerful by 475 h.p. than that used on the earlier trials.



GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW SPEED-BOAT, TO CHALLENGE FOR THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TROPHY AT DETROIT—ON THE LEFT, MR. HUBERT SCOTT-PAINE, THE DESIGNER AND DRIVER.

She will oppose Mr. Gar Wood's boat of 7000 h.p., which has reached a speed of 124 miles an hour. "Miss Britain III." has a number of new features, amounting to a revolution in design. She is only 24 ft. 6 in. long, and has an 8 ft beam. The whole hull is covered with sheets of "alclad" (layers of aluminium and duralumin). The boat relies entirely on a forward rudder for steering.



WE DO OUR PART

A SIGN OF AMERICAN CO-OPERATION: THE BLUE EAGLE BADGE ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL RECOVERY ADMINISTRATION.

On the night of July 24, President Roosevelt made a striking appeal through the microphone to the people of the United States. He asked for national co-operation in raising purchasing power and overcoming unemployment by means of a "blanket" code imposing higher wages and shorter working hours. In the course of his speech, he took the unprecedented step of asking all employers throughout the country to write or telegraph to him personally at the White House to assure him



A NATIONAL RESPONSE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S "BLANKET" PROGRAMME: GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON (LEFT), INDUSTRIAL RECOVERY ADMINISTRATOR, READING PLEDGES OF SUPPORT.

of their support. In response a flood of messages poured into the White House, and, although there were criticisms in sections of the Press, it was clear, a week later, that the nation as a whole was making an enthusiastic response to the President's call for support. A sign of public approval was given by the over-subscription six times of a recent Treasury bond issue of 500 million dollars. The Recovery Plan may end the era of "rugged individualism" in the U.S.A.



THE GREAT PIPING FAMILY OF SKYE: THE MACLEOD OF MACLEOD UNVEILING A CAIRN TO THE MACCRIMMONS, AT BORRERAIG.

Pipers from all parts of Scotland made a pilgrimage on August 3 to the Isle of Skye for the unveiling of memorials to the famous MacCrimmons, who for three hundred years were hereditary pipers to the MacLeod of MacLeod, and the most celebrated line of pipers in Scotland. The present eighty-six-year-old MacLeod of MacLeod, the twenty-seventh chief of his clan, unveiled a cairn on the shore of Loch Dunvegan.



A PROTEST AGAINST "CRUEL SPORTS": DEMONSTRATORS WITH PLACARDS AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

The opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutsham was accompanied, as usual, by a protest on the part of various anti-blood-sport societies. It is their custom to make demonstrations at staghunt meetings. It is of interest to recall that the head of the stag which, a few years ago, nearly swam the Channel when pursued by hounds, was recently offered to the Prince of Wales—as mentioned in our issue of July 22.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH not yet precisely a slum-dweller (with emphasis on the "yet"), I have long been interested in the housing question from the practical point of view of an occupier, lodger, or tenant. During the last half-century I have dwelt in so many houses, maisonettes, flats, upper parts and lower parts, mostly in and about London, east, west, north, and south, and situated in so many streets, roads, squares, crescents, rows, yards, places, groves, gardens, terraces, and avenues, that I might claim to be something of an authority on the accommodation provided in our Metropolis for the lower middle classes. Were I ever to perpetrate a volume of reminiscences, I could well call it "Changes of Address." Apart from the abodes that I have actually inhabited, there are those countless others which I have had "permission to view," and these might be conveniently grouped under the time-honoured heading of "Rejected Addresses."

My first address having been "somewheres east" of Aldgate Pump, and some of my immediate forebears having been associated with the old Bancroft's School in the Mile End Road, I have been much interested in reading the history of that school as given by a well-known *Punch* artist who, if not a fellow-native of mine at Hackney, was born (three years later) in the neighbouring parish of Homerton, and is now the author of "HAPPY DAYS": Recollections of an Unrepentant Victorian. By James Thorpe. With Illustrations (Gerald Howe; 12s. 6d.). As might be expected, this work is strong on the pictorial and humorous side, the illustrations including a portrait of the author by H. M. Bateman, a reciprocal "impression" of that artist (so familiar to readers of the *Sketch*), a study of E. V. Lucas ("with apologies"), and a caricature of the author "drawn under the influence of cherry whisky by 'Bill' Baynes." Mr. Thorpe was evidently predestined for his chosen career, for although, when he left school, the headmaster "could make no brighter suggestion than the possibility of a clerkship in a bank or insurance office," he recalls concerning earlier days: "On Saturday afternoons I used to prowl round the newsagents' windows, gazing with reverential awe at the displayed pages of the illustrated papers, which ranged from the *Graphic* and *The Illustrated London News* to *Scraps*, *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday* (with W. G. Baxter's wonderful drawings), and the *Police Budget*." His later memories tell of his career as a black-and-white artist, his friendships with celebrities of the pencil, and his relations with editors; war experiences as a non-flying officer of the R.F.C.; life at Hertford, where on returning from the war he became Hon. Sec. of the County Cricket Club; a subsequent visit to America; and his eventual retirement to Dean Prior, Herrick's village in Devon, of which he gives many delightful drawings. I have found his book thoroughly enjoyable and congenial—the story of the sort of life I should have liked to live, a life devoted to art, and, for recreation, books, theatres, good company, country walks, and cricket.

To the attitude of *laudator temporis acti* exemplified in Mr. Thorpe's book, a complete contrast, both in spirit and manner of expression, is presented in a lively diatribe on London and Londoners entitled "I TAKE THIS CITY." By Glyn Roberts (Jarrold; 10s. 6d.). The author, who uses the modern idiom seasoned with Transatlantic slang, tells us that half his book was written in a Soho garret, and the rest in a village in his native Wales. As a journalist, we are told, he has been called "the young man with a flair." He wields his weapon with vigour and gusto, and by the time he has finished we old stagers find ourselves thoroughly flagellated at the hands of censorious youth. He is particularly severe on the British public's lack of taste and ideas in drama and music. We get what we deserve, is the burden of his plaint, and I begin to think he is right as I listen to the bag-pipes just now parading the street beneath my window, and reflect on the excruciating sounds we tolerate from itinerant instrumentalists. Mr. Roberts has told us, candidly, what he thinks of our city after three years' sojourn therein. His comments are not all adverse. "London really is marvellous," he admits, "and I say it as one who has found it out for himself. . . . I often spend hot Saturday afternoons, when I might have been playing tennis or lying on a beach or lazing in a boat on a river,

in trudging along streets and streets and streets in Holloway and Clapton and Hackney and Bethnal Green and Bermondsey and Peckham; and I was never disappointed." A man who can say that is no enemy. He has even revelled in a London Sunday, and he throws an unexpected bouquet to our Public Schools. In a chapter called "The Book Racket" he gives some amusing pen-sketches of modern authors and describes his experiences in interviewing them.

Public taste and asthetic principles, with special reference to sculpture and architecture and the relations of art to religion and to industrialism, are discussed and criticised from a different angle and in a loftier vein, by a famous modern sculptor, in "BEAUTY LOOKS AFTER HERSELF." Essays by Eric Gill, T.O.S.D. (Sheed and Ward; 7s. 6d.). The author puts forward his work as "essays in aid of a grammar of practical aesthetics." They have only one point, he explains, and for a statement of that point he refers the reader to the last words of the last essay. Here is the whole concluding paragraph: "Why is the Tower Bridge in London obviously ugly but because it is obviously foolish? Its makers had more respect for the adjacent medieval castle than

for their own handiwork. Thus there are many bad works in all periods of human history, and in all cases their ugliness is a privation—they are lacking in what they ought to have. Bad works are the product of men who do not know what they are making or who do not care. An early Christian crucifix is a better work of art simply because it is a better crucifix. Look after goodness and truth, and beauty will take care of herself." Elsewhere he defines beauty as "the splendour of being" and "a conspicuous order." Mr. Gill's book is one that requires

often with furniture handed down from a previous generation. Such a book as this, however, is certainly stimulating if only as an unapproachable ideal. His two main principles in design are fitness and beauty. He does not, apparently, seek to define beauty, but takes its meaning for granted. I notice he quotes the author of the last-named book: "Eric Gill," he says, "has stressed that the hand-made thing into which a craftsman has put his soul, and the machine-made thing, perfect in its exactitude, are not to be compared. Their values are different." All the objects illustrated are British and most of them can be bought.

How often, when reading in the press an account of some great building or work of civil engineering, we see it incidentally mentioned that the contractors were Messrs. So and So, and how little does one realise the immense amount of thought, study and labour involved in such undertakings. The romance of a great firm is unfolded in a handsome volume called "ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDING": Being some notes on the art and craft of the builder with special reference to the work of Holloway Bros., both in erection and restoration, by Sydney J. Holloway (Holloway Bros. (London), Ltd., Bridge Wharf, Grosvenor Road, Westminster). The firm's yard and wharf

are seen in the coloured frontispiece—a London Landscape, from a painting by Donald Maxwell. There are also numerous photographs of works carried out by the firm, including public and commercial buildings, private houses and a housing scheme, bridges, factories and docks.

Students of English domestic architecture in relation to social history, and of English life, past and present, in town and country, will have a feast of interest provided for them by a famous old firm of publishers, Messrs. Batsford, who have done so much towards improving architectural taste and fostering a love of the country-side and the beautiful buildings of bygone days. Unfortunately, I have not space to say very much about the six beautiful books, ample in size and abounding in illustrations,

which have simultaneously come to hand. An interesting historical commentary accompanies numerous photographs, drawings and diagrams in a new edition of "THE SMALLER ENGLISH HOUSE OF THE LATER RENAISSANCE, 1660-1830." By A. E. Richardson, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture, University College, and H. Donaldson Elerlein, B.A., author of "The Period Book of Interior Decoration" (Batsford; 15s.). That indefatigable social historian and topographer, Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, F.S.A., has reissued a couple of his charmingly erudite chronicles which, between them, cover a period of some 150 years, namely, "THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN LONDON": An Account of its Social Life and Arts, with 191 Illustrations (Batsford; 15s.), and "LIFE IN REGENCY AND EARLY VICTORIAN TIMES": An Account of the Days of Brummell and D'Orsay, 1800-1850, with 150 Illustrations (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). Each is exceedingly rich in reproductions of old prints, as well as modern photographs.

While the associations of town are thus fully recorded, those of rural England are by no means neglected. Three very attractive books recall the wistful dictum of Virgil, suffering perhaps from the noise of Rome, as we do from the thundering traffic of London:

*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolae!*

Two of these volumes are new editions of works by Mr. Ernest C. Pulbrook, namely, "THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE," With 126 Illustrations from photographs (Batsford; 10s. 6d.), and "ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK": An Account of some Past Aspects and Present Features. Illustrated (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). The third of the trio, dealing with domestic matters, is appropriately enough the work of a woman writer—a new issue of "OLD ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD LIFE": Some Account of Cottage Objects and Country Folk. By Gertrude Jekyll, with 277 Illustrations (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). The author finds that the old grace and kindness of speech among country folk, now largely lost in the home counties, survive most in the West Country. Like many another student of social evolution, she deplores the substitution of machinery for handicrafts.

C. E. B.



A NEW ACQUISITION AT THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD: A GOLD RING SET WITH AN OVAL MOSS-AGATE, HOLLOWED OUT AND POLISHED TO REPRESENT A LANDSCAPE WITH TREES—A REMARKABLE TOUR DE FORCE IN THE CHINESE STYLE.



NEW ACQUISITIONS AT THE ASHMOLEAN: A SCOTTISH SILVER FARTHING OF ROBERT BRUCE (ABOVE), A COIN OF THE HIGHEST RARITY; AND (LOWER) A SILVER PENNY OF STEPHEN, A PROVINCIAL ISSUE STRUCK IN YORKSHIRE; THE FIGURES PERHAPS IFING STEPHEN AND MATILDA.



A RECENT ACQUISITION AT THE ASHMOLEAN: "THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," SIGNED BY JOOS DE MOMPER (1504-1635), WHO USES THE SUBJECT SIMPLY AS A PRETEXT TO PAINT ONE OF HIS OWN FLEMISH VILLAGES UNDER SNOW.

Here and on the opposite page we publish photographs of some of the latest acquisitions at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The ring illustrated on this page formerly belonged to Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., and was presented to the Museum by Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole, a descendant of the painter.

Photographs supplied by the Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum (Mr. E. Thurlow Leeds, M.A., F.S.A.), and Published by Courtesy of the Visitors.

careful reading and hard thinking, for it digs deep into the fundamentals of art philosophy.

Modernity speaks again in a large and lavishly illustrated volume with over 500 photographs of house decoration, furniture and accessories called "DESIGN IN THE HOME." Edited by Noel Carrington (Country Life, Ltd.; 15s.). The illustrations cover every phase of furnishing, from interiors of whole rooms, including kitchens, bath-rooms, nurseries and roof gardens, as well as living-rooms, down to accessories such as telephone instruments and electric light fittings, tea-sets, cutlery, glass and plate. The rooms illustrated look very attractive, but somewhat expensive for persons like myself suffering from *res angusta domi*. As Mr. Carrington points out, most of us have to make do with existing houses, and, he might have added, very

NEW ACQUISITIONS AT THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM: FINE COINS AND POTTERY.

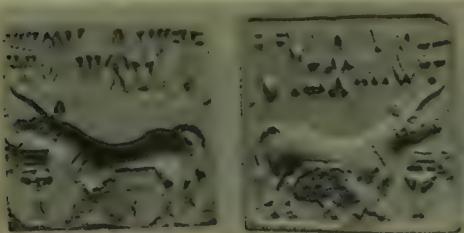
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE KEEPER OF THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM (MR. E. THURLOW LEEDS, M.A., F.S.A.), AND PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF THE VISITORS.



AN IMITATION OF AN ATHENIAN SILVER TETRADRACHM FROM ALEPO; WITH THE FAMOUS "OWL" OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.—PROBABLY OF NORTH ARABIAN ORIGIN.



A GOLD STATER OF PANTICAPÆUM, CRIMEA; WITH A GRIFFIN ON THE REVERSE RECALLING HERODOTUS'S STORY OF THE GRIFFINS WHICH GUARDED THE GOLD AGAINST THE ONE-EYED ARIMASPIANS.



A STAMP-SEAL OF GLAZED PASTE, WITH AN INSCRIPTION IN PREHISTORIC NORTH-WEST INDIAN SCRIPT, FROM KISH (C. 2700 B.C.)—CLEARLY EXPORTED FROM MOHENJO-DARO, AND EVIDENCE OF EARLY TRADE.



WE publish here and on the opposite page some photographs of great interest showing new acquisitions made by the Department of Antiquities and the Department of Fine Art at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The objects illustrated, it will be noticed, are not, for the most part, connected by any link of common origin or culture; each, however, is of particular interest in itself.



POSSIBLY TUTANKHAMEN: A GOLD FIGURINE OF A KNEELING EGYPTIAN KING OF THE 18TH DYNASTY, HOLDING TWO GLOBULAR WINE-SKINS; A PIECE OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP FOUND AT KAWA, NEAR DONGOLA—(LEFT) ENLARGED FOUR TIMES TO SHOW THE DETAIL; (ABOVE) NATURAL SIZE (1½ IN. HIGH).



A LARGE GOLD COIN OF ENRIQUE IV., KING OF CASTILLE AND LEON, 1454—1475.



AN OXFORD UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL MEDAL FOR CHARLES I.—THE ONLY ONE KNOWN OF ITS SIZE; SCRATCHED WITH THE INITIALS OF ROBERT NEWLYN, A ROYALIST PRESIDENT OF CORPUS, EVICTED IN 1648, REINSTATED 1660.



A FINELY WORKED TORSO OF A YOUTH, 2 FT. 10 IN. HIGH: A ROMAN COPY IN MARBLE OF A GREEK BRONZE ORIGINAL. (C. 470—460 B.C.)



A STEMLESS CUP (6 IN. DIAMETER) OF ATTIC RED-FIGURED WARE FROM SOUTH ITALY (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY B.C.); SHOWING DIOMEDE CARRYING OFF THE PALLADIUM FROM TROY: BEAUTIFUL LATE ATTIC WORK.



A KYLIX (15 IN. DIAMETER) OF ATTIC RED-FIGURED WARE (C. 440 B.C.), IN THE FINEST STYLE OF THE PERICLEAN PERIOD; IDENTIFIED AS BY THE "PENTHESILEA" PAINTER; SHOWING NIKE ABOUT TO BIND A BULL WITH A SASH.

THE STRATOSPHERE-AEROPLANE: A FARMAN MACHINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



THE FARMAN STRATOSPHERE-AEROPLANE: IN APPEARANCE A NORMAL MACHINE, EXCEPT FOR ITS LARGE FOUR-BLADED PROPELLER.

THE START OF A FLIGHT IN THE FARMAN STRATOSPHERE-AEROPLANE: THE PILOT (SEATED ABOVE THE FUSELAGE, THE BETTER TO SEE HIS SURROUNDINGS) STEERING AND CONTROLLING THE THROTTLE BY MEANS OF SPECIAL EXTENSIONS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CABIN BEFORE THE CLOSING OF THE HATCH—AND BEFORE RISING TO 3000 METRES: THE PILOT AT HIS CONTROLS; WITH THE OPEN HATCH ABOVE HIS HEAD.

AFTER THE MACHINE HAS CLIMBED SOME DISTANCE: THE PILOT SITTING IN THE CABIN WITH ONLY HIS HEAD OUT, A POSITION HE KEEPS UNTIL A HEIGHT OF 3000 METRES IS REACHED.



ABOVE 3000 METRES: THE HATCH CLOSED, RENDERING AIRTIGHT THE CABIN IN WHICH THE PILOT HAS NOW TO FLY "BLIND"—THAT IS, ENTIRELY BY HIS INSTRUMENTS.

THE STREAMLINED INSTRUMENT-BOARD ON ONE OF THE WING STAYS AS SEEN THROUGH A THICK GLASS CABIN WINDOW: AN IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF DIALS ON WHICH THE AVIATORS MUST KEEP WATCH.

In view of the statement—made a few days ago in Brussels by the Director of the National Scientific Research Fund—that experiments are being made in Belgium with the object of producing a stratospheric aeroplane, we give here photographs of the Farman stratosphere-aeroplane. The relation of the stratosphere, or "upper air," to the troposphere, or lower region of the atmosphere immediately above the earth's surface, was explained by us at the time of Professor Piccard's last balloon ascent. The stratosphere offers two conspicuous advantages for aerial travel: reduction of the duration of journeys—thanks to the invariable weather which prevails at these

DESIGNED TO FLY AT 500 M.P.H. ABOUT TEN MILES HIGH.

WOLFGANG WEBER.

by Professor Piccard and his assistants. An aeroplane, however, has to adjust the performance of its motor to the altering atmospheric conditions. Junkers at Dessau, and Farman at Paris, have been working to overcome these difficulties, and there is the Belgian manufacturer, Farman, who has brought to completion his stratosphere-aeroplane.

This machine carries on a piecemeal conquest of altitude, and has been reconstructed many times. To increase the performance of its motors three compressors are installed, of which the first comes into play at a height of 5000 metres, the second at 10,000 metres, and the third at 15,000 metres. At 3000 metres up, the pilot, and the mechanic who accompanies him, shut themselves up hermetically in a cabin two metres long. From that point they depend for their air supply on a compressor coupled to the motor. This compressor keeps the air in the cabin of the machine flying in the stratosphere at a pressure equivalent to that at 3000 metres. The stratosphere begins at about 15,000 metres. But as soon as ever the machine had been reconstructed, enabling greater heights to be reached, so did new difficulties arise, which made yet further reconstructions essential. When the stratosphere itself is at last attained, one hardy dares think of all the troubles that await the aviator! The temperature there is very low (Professor Piccard, it will be recalled, recorded intense cold—thirty-six degrees Centigrade below zero). Probably lubricating oil will congeal; on the other hand, water-cooled oil-cooling systems may possibly become deficient through the lack of air. If the tanks are filled with benzine, then it will probably evaporate imperceptibly but quickly; what if they are filled with benzol, the benzol will freeze. Add to that ice on the propeller, and the probable warping of all metal parts and apparatus!

(Continued above)



INSIDE THE HERMETICALLY-SEALABLE CABIN OF THE FARMAN STRATOSPHERE-AEROPLANE, IN WHICH IT IS HOPED TO RISE TO 15,000 METRES AND MORE: THE PILOT AT HIS CONTROLS IN A CYLINDRICAL SPACE, ONLY TWO METRES LONG AND CROWDED WITH INSTRUMENTS; IN THE FOREGROUND THE KNEES OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO WAS SITTING IN THE MECHANIC'S SEAT; AND ON THE RIGHT THE LEVERS CONTROLLING THE COMPRESSORS



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE STIGGINS TRADITION; AND THE WORK OF ROBERT SEYMOUR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE Rev. Mr. Stiggins, as he appears in "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," is undoubtedly one of the immortal hypocrites of English literature. He is, however, not an entirely original conception. Lest good Dickensians turn and rend me, or at least write abusive letters, I hasten to add that Charles Dickens, like William Shakespeare, delved into the current ideas of his time, and, with the sureness of genius, made of them pictures which are as superior to their source of inspiration as is the sun to a guttering candle, or York Minster to a dog-kennel. In other words, a great man is not only in advance of his age, but is also firmly rooted in it. He himself rises to undreamed-of heights and his shadow fills the earth; beneath are a multitude of little people who yet have played their part in providing him with some at least of the basic ideas which he works upon.

The first number of "Pickwick" by the twenty-three-year-old Dickens, appeared on April 1, 1836. The illustrations were by Robert Seymour; before the second number was published, Seymour had blown his brains out. He was twelve years older than Dickens, and had for long been a humorous artist. He appears to have felt that in this instance he was not allowed a free hand. He had suggested a series of Cockney sporting plates some months previously: the publishers, Chapman and Hall, decided against the scheme, and commissioned Dickens to write "Pickwick." Seymour seems to have felt aggrieved that all the credit for this entirely new conception was given to the writer and not to the artist; he worked late one night on some alterations to the plate of "The Stroller's Tale" for the second number, and ended his life the following day. Cruikshank was asked to take his place, but had to refuse owing to pressure of work; he recommended John Leech, who applied too late. Thackeray submitted two or three drawings, but they were not considered suitable. Then R. W. Buss did two for the third number, which were so feeble that Buss had to retire; and finally H. K. Browne, better known as "Phiz," was selected—with what success all the world knows. (I see, by the way, that seven "Phiz" drawings for "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Nicholas Nickleby" have just been sold at Sotheby's for £354.)

Let us return to poor Seymour, and see the sort of thing he produced two years earlier, in 1834. One expects neither great subtlety nor wide humanity from popular humorous artists of the 1830's, and "The Schoolmaster Abroad," from which these two plates are taken, is neither very subtle nor very humane. It is a satire upon education conceived in the spirit of the straitest sect of obscurantists, in which knowledge is somewhat clumsily put in its place, thus—

Once upon a time there lived a certain worthy Gentleman who suddenly discovered that, strange as it

might appear, the bulk of his fellow men were sadly behind himself in learning and wisdom: that Ploughmen knew nothing of Mathematics, nor Brewers of Chemistry, with other sad cases too numerous to mention. . . . Under his fostering hand arose Institutions all over the land, to create a thirst for knowledge: here might be seen the Blacksmith studying the principles of heat, whilst his iron cooled; Tailors, deep in anatomy; Coal-heavers, in mineralogy; in short, few could be found, but what applied themselves to some ology or other. When these blessed effects had taken place, how did our worthy

escort him to Brummagem, where he is introduced to local society. "Oh! what style, what splendour met his eye. . . . Ye gods! how they conversed; the Miss Tintacks talked bad French—their brothers sang—their lady mother talked of fashion, the lower orders, and Taglioni"—it is all racy enough, if a little laboured—and then in due course we are introduced to the authentic predecessor of Mr. Stiggins. This is a Mr. Pots, who is as fat as his famous successor is thin, but is otherwise tarred with the same brush.

"The pleasures of this world are sin, Sir," said he, and he undid two buttons of his waistcoat, to make his enormous dinner sit the easier; "Look at their dances," and he looked at his own legs not formed for dancing; "And then the play-house, Sir—the horrible play-house!" and he finished mixing his brandy and water—"It is the Devil's own house, Sir," and he drank; "We must mortify the flesh, Sir," and he stirred a rousing fire; "We must not seek after the enjoyments of this life—Is the cream come for tea yet, Mrs. P. ?)—this life is a scene of trial," and he drank again. This is not very subtle, but it is enough to show that the Stiggins type of hypocrisy was a butt for the wits long before Stiggins himself sprang fully equipped with "very short trousers, and black-cotton stockings, which, like the rest of his apparel, were particularly rusty," from the fertile brain of the young novelist in Furnival's Inn—and it also proves, if proof were needed, the immemorial superiority of Dickens over every one of his predecessors.

As to the plates which decorate this strange essay in the fantastic—which, I should add, seems to owe much to those various adventures of Dr. Syntax of the previous decade which were illustrated by Rowlandson—they are in themselves sufficient to justify the publishers' original choice of Seymour for the plates required for "Pickwick." They are characterised by a certain hearty good humour which is not without its charm even to our own more genteel susceptibilities. The Pots family, I admit, is more vigorous than funny—indeed, the best joke of the scene is the inscription on the collecting-box, "Lendings to the Lord. Mr. Potts Treasurer," but the other illustration on this page, "The Schoolmaster Setting Forth on his Tour," does possess certain pictorial qualities. It is scarcely necessary to point out that it is also of obvious interest to the large number of people who collect any and every reference to the new age of steam which was at this time about to transform the face of England. Seymour's first sketch for Pickwick was of a long, thin man, presumably not unlike the worthy schoolmaster here; it was Chapman who suggested the immortal figure. Here is an extract from the preliminary advertisement: "Seymour has devoted himself, heart and graver, to the task of illustrating the beauties of Pickwick. It was reserved to Gibbon to paint . . . the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire—to Hume to chronicle the strife and turmoil of the two proud

Houses that divided England against herself—to Napier to pen . . . the History of the War in the Peninsula: the deeds and actions of the gifted Pickwick yet remain, for 'Boz' and Seymour to hand down to posterity."



1. THE SCHOOLMASTER SETS OUT, IN A STEAM-CARRIAGE, FOR HIS PHILOSOPHICAL TOUR OF ENGLAND: THE FIRST PICTURE IN "THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD"; ILLUSTRATED BY R. SEYMOUR (WHO DID THE FIRST DRAWINGS FOR "PICKWICK") AND PUBLISHED IN 1834.

The illustrations in the first number of "Pickwick" (1836) were by Robert Seymour, a man twelve years older than Dickens, who had long been a humorous artist. Seymour, who had previously proposed a series of Cockney sporting plates, seems to have taken offence because the credit for the entirely new conception of the "Pickwick Papers" was given to the writer and not to the artist, and he killed himself before the second number came out.

pedagogue long for ubiquity, to go abroad and behold his doings, but as that was not yet conceivable, he took the next thing to it, a steam conveyance, and set forth one First of April to enjoy his handiwork.

of the previous decade which were illustrated by Rowlandson—they are in themselves sufficient to justify the publishers' original choice of Seymour for the plates required for "Pickwick." They are characterised by a certain hearty



2. A RELIGIOUS HYPOCRITE—THE CLUMSY AND UNSUBTLE PREDECESSOR OF THE GREAT STIGGINS—IN "THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD": MR. POTTS, THE DISSENTING PREACHER (WHO ADVOCATES THE MORTIFICATION OF THE FLESH WHILE HIMSELF ENJOYING ALL GOOD CHEER), FALLS OUT WITH HIS WIFE.

The results, as one can imagine, are lamentable—labourers are burning ricks and smashing machinery, with Cobbett and Tom Paine for heroes, and the Schoolmaster is rescued by the yeomanry, who



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included, on the famous Simplon-Orient and Taurus Express trains, which link up this country by direct service with Belgrade, Sofia, Istanbul, Aleppo, Baghdad, and Bassorah, and, by branch connections, with Bucarest, Athens, Angora, Teheran, and Cairo. Moreover, the time occupied on the journeys has been speeded up, so that one can now reach Istanbul in just under three days, Athens in three days, Bucarest in two and a half, Cairo in five and a half, Baghdad in six, and Bassorah in seven. Services are daily to Istanbul, Bucarest and Athens, and bi-weekly beyond. And for those who wish to see something of the notable cities and towns through which the lines pass, stop-over facilities have been arranged, which should prove a great attraction; in fact, quite a fascinating holiday might be spent in this fashion, embracing a number of highly-interesting countries, several of the great centres of modern civilisation, and some of those of the past. A weekly steamer service connects Bassorah with Karachi and Bombay, and in this manner a very interesting combined rail and short sea passage trip to India can be made.

In the hot weather—wherever it may be in the British Empire—sunset comes as the hour of release for many weary and parched people and brings the "Sundowner" with it. Generally this "Sundowner" is a whisky and soda. That is not surprising: such a "mixture as before" is essentially a national drink.

It is rather amusing (writes Mr. H. T. Rutter) to any person who has any knowledge of constabulary duties, to read in various

journals: "Where are the motor police patrols?" I suppose because some motorists do not see the local police car or motor cyclist every time he drives or rides on the local highways, he imagines that they are not on duty. The truth of the matter is that when this part of our constabulary started on the roads, their very newness made them conspicuous. Also, their uniforms were not always helpful in gaining the information they were placed on the road to obtain. Now they are in more active service, and consequently, as good policemen, are practically unseen by the general public. I always find ample evidence of their presence on the road in the outskirts of the Metropolis and on country roads where traffic is very heavy.

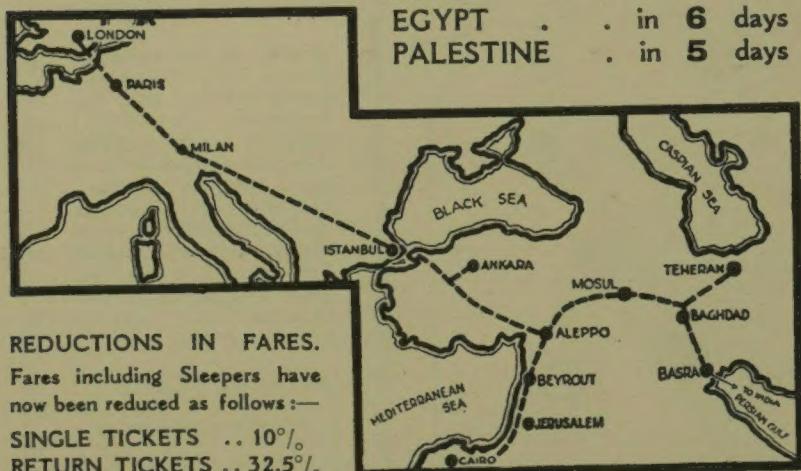


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